

THE

LIGUORIAN

A MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF GOOD READING



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Amongst Ourselves

We were mightily pleased with the response that came from our pointed paragraph in last month's issue of *THE LIGUORIAN* on the need of food in Europe and the means at hand for sending something to individual families there. Readers authorized us to forward dozens of orders for the \$10 CARE packages that can be directed to Germany (American and British zones), France, Belgium, Holland, etc. We felt certain that many more persons used the information we gave them to send their orders for packages directly to CARE headquarters (50 Broad St., New York, 4, N. Y.). A few reports came to us that packages were not being delivered in the British zone of Germany, so we long distanced the CARE offices and asked about it. They told us that there had been some delays over the past few months on deliveries in that section of Germany, at one time because supplies gave out

temporarily and had to be replenished from a distance, at another because transportation difficulties had to be ironed out. They assured us that it was only a matter of delay, not failure, and that from now on all deliveries to the British zone will be prompt. We renew our offer to act as intermediaries for readers who want to send food packages to the starving in Europe, either to persons designated by themselves, or, if they know no one overseas, to persons on our list. The cost is \$10 for 29 pounds of food.

The entire *LIGUORIAN* staff sends Christmas greetings to all its readers. It is also ready to handle the large number of gift subscriptions that readers will be sending in for their friends at Christmas. There is a nice blank for this purpose on the last page of the book review section. Tear it out; fill it in; send it on!

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THE *Liguorian*

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a magazine for the lovers of good reading



*Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy and Religion,
and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings*

Christmas Customs

Both Christians and non-Christians do many things at Christmas, the meaning and origin of which they do not understand. Here is the background for an intelligent celebration.

R. Anglim

FOR most Americans Christmas would not be Christmas without Santa Claus. Yet the modern Mr. Claus is only a roly-poly and slightly pagan version of a real person. The original was St. Nicholas of Myra, a bishop of the fourth century, famous for his charitable works. Somehow, tradition has coupled his generosity with Christmas and chimneys, and "St. Nick" will always be pictured as rotund and ruddy, with a penchant for polar regions and reindeer.

Most of the modern Yuletide traditions had their beginnings in Catholic lands of earlier centuries. The duties and pleasures of each day were closely linked to the mysteries of Christ's life in the ages of faith. This was particularly true of the Feast of Christ's Nativity.

A period of special preparation known as Advent anticipates Christmas. As early as 380 a Council of Saragossa decreed an eight days' preparation for the great feast. At Tours, in the fifth century, it was customary to fast three days a week from November 11 till December 25. The eight-day fast had lengthened to forty days in the ninth century. In the

Roman liturgy today this preparatory period has been determined to four weeks. The first Sunday of Advent is always the Sunday next to St. Andrew's Day, November 30. In former days Advent was known as the "Christmas Lent."

The vigil of Christmas was a day of more solemn fasting and penance. All business was set aside. Attention centered around the parish church. Parishioners tried to outdo each other in furnishing the most beautiful flowers and richest vases for the feast. Violation of the vigil was a serious offense. Men who played cards on Christmas Eve, for example, were automatically expelled from the fraternities of workmen.

From ancient times the first Mass of Christmas was begun at the stroke of twelve. The liturgical practice whereby each priest says three Masses on Christmas dates back to the Gelasian and Gregorian Sacramentaries, surely used as early as the seventh century.

When the Office of Christmas was read, emperors and kings claimed as their privilege the honor of reading the Seventh Lesson, recording the de-

cree of Caesar Augustus. Medieval kings wore their crowns but three times a year, and Christmas was one of these. The feast became a favorite day for court functions among the royalty. The Holy Roman Empire was instituted on Christmas Day in the year 800, when Pope Leo III crowned Charlemagne as the monarch was assisting at the Mass of the day. William the Conqueror had his coronation on this day too. On the papal calendar, Christmas was considered as the beginning of the ecclesiastical year until the tenth century.

Today every Catholic church and many Catholic homes, even of the poor, have a Christmas crib. Cities, too, erect them in civic and community centers. Cribs are built in every part of the world. Each nation colors the Bethlehem scene with an atmosphere of local tradition. It was not uncommon in Spain to dress our Lady like a young married girl with a rosary hanging at her waist. St. Joseph was often clothed in ordinary Spanish dress, with glasses perched on his nose, his hat under his left arm, a dagger and rosary in his right hand. Devotion to the crib is of very ancient origin. Its popular form as it is known today is due to the efforts of St. Francis of Assisi. The custom began in the year 1223, three years before his death. The Saint desired to celebrate the feast at the town of Greccio with all possible solemnity in order to enkindle devotion. Lest his idea appear to be an innovation, he obtained permission from the supreme pontiff to carry it through. Then he prepared a manger and ordered hay, together with an ox and an ass, to be brought into the place. His brethren were called together and the people assembled. The woods echoed with their hymns of praise.

Flaming torches made the night one of splendor and solemnity. Before the manger stood the man of God, bathed in tears of joy. Solemn Masses were celebrated over the manger and St. Francis, who was deacon, chanted the Gospel. Afterwards he preached to the people. So great was his emotion that he could not say the Holy Name but spoke of Christ as the Child of Bethlehem. Since that time devotion to the crib has spread throughout the world. The crib is usually kept in Catholic churches from Christmas Eve till the Octave of the Epiphany, sometimes till the Feast of the Purification on February 2.

One of the most familiar symbols of the Christmas season is the Christmas tree. Its use as the "tree of the Christ Child" goes back many centuries, but where this particular custom originated as we have it today is uncertain. As far as is known, it began in Germany. Folklorists say it was surely observed in the year 1605. England and France adopted it in 1840. That Martin Luther introduced the Christmas tree has long since been recognized as fiction. In Luther's time as well as in the Middle Ages, no one had thought of the lighted Christmas tree as part of the domestic celebration of the feast, although the thirteenth century epic, "Parcival," does mention candles on the flowering tree. Today the whole world knows the Christmas tree, and it is the center of most of the decorations of the season. Its greenness is a sign of the spiritual rebirth of mankind by the birth of Christ. Illuminated by candles and lights, it symbolizes the supernatural splendor of the stable at His Nativity. Presents are placed in its branches or at its base to represent the blessings that the divine Infant brings to humanity.

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An old legend connects the Christmas tree with St. Boniface, the apostle of Germany. The tradition says that one night on a high hilltop the Saint came upon a crowd of warriors preparing for a sacrifice. They were offering a human victim to their god, Thor, in whose honor they named the oak tree "Thunder Oak." The missionary rescued a frightened boy from the sacrificial altar. Then he split the oak tree in two, pointed to a straight slender fir nearby, and said: "This should be the sign of your living — the tree of the Christ Child!"

In old England, Provence, and Tuscany, the burning of the yule log was a special event on Christmas Eve. The root of a great tree, it was chosen many months before. With great ceremony it was brought into the house and placed in the open fireplace. Then it was lighted with a bit of tinder carefully saved from the fire of the preceding year. Yule songs would be sung. The yule log was said to be a protection against evil spirits and an emblem of fair promise. All wrongs and sorrows were to be consumed in its flames. If the log, which was supposed to burn all night, happened to go out before morning, it was taken as a bad omen. A large yule candle was set in the window. Even today, the Mexicans hang colored lanterns outside their houses to light the Christ Child's steps if He should appear.

Among the many legends centered about the Nativity, flowers and plants have always had a prominent place. An old tradition attributes the sweetness of the rosemary plant to the fact that its branches once held the garments of the Child. Its flowers were originally supposed to have been white, but they turned to a lavender hue to match the mantle our Lady

was wearing. The Christmas rose is the Rose of Jericho. One story says that it first bloomed at Christ's birth, while others say it first blossomed in the footsteps of the Virgin fleeing into Egypt.

The most famous American Christmas flower is the poinsettia. It ranges from a potted plant to a shrub ten or even twenty feet high. In Mexico it is called "flower of the holy night." The tale goes that a poor little girl was sad one Christmas night because she had no gift for the Infant. Kneeling near the church to pray, she saw a beautiful crimson-bloomed plant springing from the ground. A distinctly American Christmas plant today, this flower was named after Joel Roberts Poinsett, a diplomat from the United States.

Before the time of Christ the ancients used holly to signify the life which survived the barrenness of winter. Christianity took over this custom and raised the emblem to a loftier plane. The green leaves and red berries are among the most popular yuletide decorations in the modern American Christmas scene. Doorways, cards, gift tags, labels, boxes, and wrapping paper are all adorned with the familiar holly sprig.

Mistletoe was once considered to represent the flowering of the Rod of Jesse. It was also adopted as a symbol of the healing power of God. Centuries ago it was the Christian custom to give the kiss of peace as a token of reconciliation beneath its pearl-white berries. Nearly every home today has at least one sprig of mistletoe hung in a doorway or beneath a chandelier. But now its significance is more romantic than liturgical.

Birds and animals also have their share in Christmas legends. In old England the cattle were said to drop

down in adoration of the Child at the stroke of twelve on Christmas night, as tradition states they did at Bethlehem on the first Christmas. Bees sang in their hives. In Brittany the legend is that no animal sleeps on Christmas Eve except the serpent. The cock crows at every hour, and certain animals converse in human speech. At Rheims the children of the choir used to be dressed as angels appearing to the shepherds. They let birds fly loose in the church to portray the liberty that men were to enjoy when delivered from the bonds of sin by the birth of the Saviour. The tiny wren was once known as "Our Lady's hen" because it had built its nest in the stable and was the first bird to praise the new-born Babe. Special care is taken in Scandinavian countries to feed the birds on Christmas Day. This is surely in the spirit of the great nature lover of Assisi. In fact, St. Francis said that if he ever got the chance, he himself would ask the emperor to command that grain be spread along the roads to provide food for the birds. It was his wish that all the animal kingdom should share as far as possible in the joy of the season.

Not least among the festivities of Christmas in the Middle Ages was the great festal banquet. After honoring God by the Mass and Office, everyone assembled for the family feasting. While always detesting any excess and intemperance, the Church never frowned upon the fellowship and warmth of Christmas wine and good food. From the hallowed walls of Clairvaux, St. Bernard wrote that "it is the custom of seculars to prepare a feast on days of festival; and the greater the solemnity, the more splendidly do they feast." Christmas was the feast of feasts, and elaborate

preparations were made for it. It was part of the true celebration of the day. A holy day was in the fullest sense a holiday. That is why G. K. Chesterton wrote: "The Dickens character ate pudding to an extent at which modern medievalists turned pale. They would do every kind of honor to an old observance, except observing it. They would pay to a Church feast every sort of compliment except feasting. . . ."

The modern housewife plans ahead for the Christmas dinner and spends long hours to make it a culinary success. In the Middle Ages the women of the household, without the aid of automatic gas ranges, Bisquick, and Betty Crocker, prepared a great Christmas banquet for kith and kin. Some of their recipes are extant today. They seem now more amusing than appetizing, but they furnish an insight into what were considered tasty dishes of the day in centuries gone by. If your family has a palate for peacock, the cook of the fourteenth century suggests this tempting dish: "At a Feeste-Royall Pecokkes shall be dight on this manere. Take and flee off the skynne with the fedurs taylor and nekke, and the hed thereon; then take the skynne with all the fedurs, and lay hit on a table abroad; and strawe thereon grounden comyn; then take the pecokke, and roste hym, and endore hym with raw yolkes of egges; and when he is rosted take hym off, and let hym cool awhile, and take hym and sowe hym in his skynne, and gilde his combe, and so serve hym forthe with the last cours." Or if you are going to serve goose for Christmas dinner, here is how they did it six hundred years ago: "Take a faire panne, and set hit under the goose whill she rostes, and kepe clene the grese that droppes thereof, and

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put thereto a good deal of wyn and a lital vynegur, and onyons mynced or garlek; then take the gottes of the goose, and slitte hom and scrape home clene in watur and salt and so wassh hom and sethe hom and hak hom smal; and then do all this togedur in a postenet, and do thereto poudor of pepur and of gynger . . . and let hit boyle, and serve hit forthe."

Gifts have always been an essential part in the celebration of this day, and rightly so. In feudal times the lords would make donations of food and money to their subjects. This made it possible for the servants and laborers to attend the Masses and Offices during Christmastide without suffering from the want of wages. Many employers have Christmas parties for their employees today, but not very many add dollars and cents to the pay check as a Christmas gift.

Strange as it may seem, Christmas

was once banned in England by an act of Parliament. The followers of Oliver Cromwell branded those who celebrated the feast as superstitious and ignorant. The conservative element did not see eye to eye with the Lord Protector in this matter and violence followed. Blood was shed, but after the restoration of the Stuarts, the day was returned to its place of honor on the English calendar.

Christmas has always been revered in America. The whole nation joins in the joy of the season, but many do not know just why. To a great number, the celebration of the day means dividends or diversion, or both. Love and life and laughter well up from the heart. But too few realize that the spirit of happiness pervading many an American home on Christmas Day is but a crippled and commercialized facsimile of the reality that flows from Bethlehem.

Christmas Holocaust

Diocletian is known as one of the greatest persecutors of the Christians among the many persecuting Roman emperors, and one of his most horrible acts of oppression took place on Christmas day, in the year 303. On that day a large number of Christians of all ages and conditions in life had gathered to commemorate the Feast of the Nativity in the temple of Nicomedia in Bithynia. Thereupon, on orders from the Emperor, the town was surrounded by soldiers so that no one could escape and set on fire. About twenty thousand people were believed to have perished.

The Seal of the Cross

Since 1904 the Christmas seal has been a familiar stamp on letters and packages. Adopted by the antituberculosis society, it represents the Cross of Lorraine, which is a double-barred cross with a short arm above a longer one. This cross was the insignia of Godfrey of Lorraine, a leader in the first Crusade, and later chosen as ruler of Jerusalem.

Epitaph

The following prophetic epitaph is from a tombstone 500 years old in the cemetery of Kirby in England:

"When pictures look alive with movements free,
When ships like fish swim beneath the sea,
When men outstripping birds shall scan the sky,
Then half the world deep-drenched in blood shall be."



Three Minute Instruction

On Spiritualizing Christmas

In the midst of the sheer worldliness with which many people approach the season of Christmas it is very important that true Christians concentrate on the predominantly spiritual aspects of the great feast. This means three things that are of the essence of a proper celebration of Christmas:

1. *Self-examination and correction.* The whole point of Christmas is that it is a reminder of the coming of God into the midst of men to find them eager and worthy to receive Him fittingly. Of course God in turn will do tremendous things for those who do receive Him fittingly. Receiving Him thus means sweeping out all the ugly results of attachment to sin. It means making a good confession with a powerful determination that it won't be necessary to seek forgiveness for the same sins again.

2. *Turning more completely to God.* Religion is properly defined as "man's communication with God, based on God's communication with man." There must be some proportion between the two communications. Christmas reveals how perfect and complete was God's communication with man—unto "emptying Himself, taking the form of a servant," being born without any of the trappings of His Godhead. On the basis of that communication, there can be no limit to the degree of communication with God that man should seek, through his mind to know Him, through his will to love Him, through all his faculties to serve Him by perfect obedience.

3. *Spiritualizing gift giving to neighbors.* The spirit behind every gift planned and given to another at Christmas should be that of supernatural charity. When making up a list of gifts to be given, one should concentrate more on those who need the help and uplift of a present, than on those who don't; more on the kind of gift that will be helpful and fruitful than on those that are merely tokens and symbols; and more on the motive of love of God expressing itself in love for others than on mere custom or tradition.

These three things should enter and occupy every true Christian's thoughts during the season of Advent. They will make Christmas a time of great spiritual rejuvenation and of true spiritual joy.

A Tiny Christmas Program

War can destroy homes, churches, schools, but it cannot smother the beauty and peace of Christmas.

L. G. Miller

THE little folded invitation which Mother Prioress gave me was inscribed with this legend:

SAINT SCHOLASTICA'S COLLEGE
INVITES YOU TO A
TINY CHRISTMAS PROGRAM
AND WISHES YOU GOD'S SPECIAL BLESSING
FOR A
MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A
HAPPY NEW YEAR
DECEMBER 20, 1945

We were standing in the courtyard of the ruined convent a short time before the performance was to begin. The sun was hot in Manila, for this was the beginning of the summer season. The Sisters who conducted the school were Benedictine missionaries from Germany, dedicating their lives to education here in the far-off Philippines, and Mother Prioress was telling me the sad story of how the convent and school had been destroyed in the battle for the city in the early part of the year.

"The funniest thing that happened that day," said Mother Prioress, "was when we tried to get old Sister Walburga out of her room and into the yard where we had the holes. When the first few shells came over and landed on the music department, we all got very frightened and ran out into the yard as fast as we could. Then we thought of Sister Walburga. She was very old and deaf, and she sat all day in her cell saying her rosary. But she was always afraid of the flood, and that was why it was hard to make her come with us."

"The flood?"

"Yes. You see, about five years ago we had very heavy rains here in Manila, and on Taft Avenue the water was four feet deep, and it came right into the courtyard. We were frightened then, too, with the water right up against the side of the building. Poor Sister Walburga got confused when she saw the water all around, and she thought she was on a boat going back to Germany, and she wouldn't leave her room. Well, this time, when she heard all the noise and excitement, she thought she was on a boat again. The shells were falling boom! boom! all around by this time, and finally we made her come with us, and we went out and got into the holes that had been dug."

"How long did the shelling last?"

"Oh, it lasted all day and through the next night. The American forces were south of us, and the Japanese were north, and we were in the middle. We heard the big shells whistle as they came through the air, and we had to watch our beautiful convent being knocked to pieces right before our eyes. The Americans," said Mother Prioress a little sadly, looking at the ruins around her, "are very accurate. But we do not blame them. Someone told them there were Japanese soldiers using our convent for a garrison, and they had to destroy the place for their own safety."

"And were there Japs here?"

"Only a few wounded ones that we were taking care of. It was that which saved us from the massacre. You see, all up and down Taft Avenue on that terrible day little bands of Jap

soldiers were going into houses and killing the people there. They put guards at each end of the street, so that no one could escape, and many, many people were killed. Right across the street at the Christian Brothers' College more than 100 were bayoneted."

"And the Japs came here looking for you?"

"Yes. About the middle of the morning a Jap officer with six or seven soldiers rushed in, looking very fierce, with bayonets pointed at us. On the floor just inside the entrance were two or three Jap soldiers, very badly hurt, and our sisters were trying to take care of them. One of these wounded men must have been an officer, because when the Japs came in, he looked up, and just slowly shook his head, and then without a word the other soldiers rushed out. We learned afterward that those same Jap soldiers went from here over to the Christian Brothers' College and killed all those people."

"And were any of the sisters killed in the shelling?"

"No, thank God. We were about thirty sisters here at that time, and not one was hurt. There were many civilians taking refuge here, too, and some of them were wounded and a few killed. We buried them just over there, beside the chapel wall."

I saw the white crosses over the graves, and the wreaths of flowers the good sisters had placed upon them, and I thought that these people were fortunate in the prayers that they daily received; they at least had escaped the nameless graves where hundreds of the dead lay jostled together with no one to remember or pray for them.

"And during all this time the shells were dropping right in the convent?"

"Yes; it was a dreadful thing to see. The buildings caught fire and burned all day, and we did not dare to go in and save any of our belongings. We just lay in our holes and watched and prayed. It was very sad. Some of the old sisters, who had been here for forty years, and had seen Saint Scholastica's grow up, could not even weep: they hid their faces in their hands. Some of these old sisters have never been the same since that terrible day, and a few have died, and we think it was of a broken heart."

I must have looked surprised at this, for Mother Prioress went on:

"You cannot know what it is like; to leave your home when you are young and go to a far country and suffer. Then gradually success begins to come; the school is crowded; you plan and dream about a larger building; in a few years your dreams come true. There is much sacrifice, but everyone is happy, working for the good God. Your school grows and becomes very large. You have a beautiful chapel in which to pray, and all over the Philippines Saint Scholastica's is regarded as one of the best colleges for women. And then suddenly, a few hours, and nothing left but this."

We looked silently at the wreckage and ruin; gutted stone walls rising crazily into the sky; rubble and ashes and broken glass littered over the ground. And then we looked at one of the old sisters sitting by herself in the shade looking wordlessly over the ruins. She held a rosary in her hands, and her calm old features seemed set in patience and resignation.

Mother Prioress gave a little sigh.

"It is in the hands of the good God," she said. "He will help us. Only — it is so hard to know where to begin."

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"Did you save any of your belongings at all?"

"Some of them were not burned, but we lost them to the looters. After the fire was out and the shells stopped coming, we were just beginning to look around when a crowd of men came in through the gate. They went into the building, and when they came out, each one was carrying as much as he could — blankets, dishes, clocks, chairs, everything!"

"But didn't they stop when they saw you?"

"No, no. We approached these men and said: 'You can't take these things. They belong to us!' But they only looked at us very fiercely and said: 'Go away, old women. We will take what we want.' And when I touched one of them on the arm and pleaded with him in the name of the good God to leave us our belongings, he pulled a gun from his pocket and said: 'We will take what we want. Go away, or we will shoot you all.'"

"But who were these men?"

"Oh, they were people who live around here. Their own houses were destroyed."

"Do you mean to say your own neighbors robbed you like that?"

Mother Prioress gave a tiny shrug of her shoulders. "It is different in war," she said. "It is hard to think straight when the bombs are falling, and it did not seem to them that they were doing wrong."

I felt less inclined to put a charitable interpretation upon the actions of these hoodlums than did the sister, but said nothing.

"We lost much to the looters, but God is good to us, and we have enough to live and to start a little school. The sisters are working with a will. It is hard for them, not hearing from Germany and not knowing

whether their families are dead or alive, but all of that is in the hands of God."

By this time it was the hour set for the Christmas program, and we walked together toward the little frame building which served as a school.

"We have about 100 children here now, and they are so happy to be able to attend school after two years."

How the sisters could accommodate 100 children in the tiny building was something that only they could explain; but it was evident that all the pupils were here today, together with a good many of their proud mamas and even a few representatives of the United States military; we of the latter category were placed in the front row. The room was fairly bulging with humanity, and at each window a dozen or so little brown urchins from the street gazed in with wide-open eyes and mouths.

It was hard to picture ourselves as being on the eve of Christmas as we perspired freely beneath the palm leaves pinned decoratively to the walls.

But when the tiny Christmas program began, we were in doubt no longer. Little Salvador Morales, with his black hair slicked neatly back and a fixed look in his eyes which betrayed incipient terror, stood on the improvised rostrum and informed us in a clear but quavering voice:

"The Christ-child came on Christmas day

In Palestine, so far away,"

together with many other details of that great event, divided into eight verses. Beatriz de la Paz and Elena Gutierrez, of the sixth grade, then sang a duet together, and their melodious voices (a natural gift of all

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Filipinos) blended beautifully in the strains of *Adeste Fidelis*.

"Elena, that little one with the blue dress," said Sister to me in a low voice, "lost her father and mother and five brothers and sisters in the massacre. Now she is the only one left."

"Oh, come let us adore Him," sang Elena, and there was clear faith shining out of her dark eyes.

We might have been attending a Christmas program in any of our Catholic schools in America, such is the universal democracy of children, and such the unity of Catholic devotional life.

Then a hush fell on the assembly; a curtain made of several sheets was pulled back, and before our eyes appeared a tableau. The street urchins at the windows exhaled noisily in wonder and awe, and the strains of *Holy Night* floated over Bethlehem once more. I was conscious of a lump

in my throat. It was not the odds and ends of costumes on the tots kneeling before the crib; it was not the pitiful little pieces of tinsel on the angels' wings. All the participants in the tableau had their eyes fixed on the star above the manger, and even the little baby lying on the straw smiled up at it.

*"Round yon virgin mother and child,
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace.
Sleep in heavenly peace."*

The last strains died away, the curtain came down, and we went out to walk once more among the ruins of Saint Scholastica's and the wreckage of Manila. But now even these ruins seemed bathed in the light of a promise of better things, the light which comes from faith in God and resignation to His will.

Colossals

The Sunday supplements and the movies have made much of the existence of the huge prehistoric creatures called dinosaurs, and probably most people think they are a product of the imagination rather than having any basis in reality. The fact is that fossil remains from a long past period called the Mesozoic Age prove conclusively that giant creatures roamed the earth at one time. There are numerous skeletal imprints of these creatures on rock strata in various parts of the world. A nest of eggs was even found in the Mesozoic stratum of the earth's crust in Mongolia, and in one of them was found the embryo of one of these strange reptiles.

The size of these dinosaurs, as witnessed by the fossil remains, fairly staggers the imagination. In Wyoming was found a well-preserved specimen measuring 30 feet long. In Wyoming also the Jurassic-Morrison formation has supplied specimens 65 feet long and 15 feet in height. Scientists estimate that when alive these creatures must have weighed close to 40 tons. In a rock stratum called the Kansas cretaceous has been found the skeletal imprint of the largest creature ever to fly—having a wingspread of more than 24 feet. And in Germany the clearly defined fossil remains of certain fish reptiles have been found measuring 40 feet in length, with jaws five feet long and more than 200 teeth.

Life in the Mesozoic age must have been interesting, to say the least.

Christmas Letter

To An Indifferent Catholic

A personal appeal, intended only for those who find a description of themselves herein.

Dear Friend:

Perhaps on reading the above title you felt the tug of a tiny question in your mind, saying: "Does that mean me?" Whether it does or not can be settled quickly. A classical definition of an indifferent Catholic is "one who has the faith but too few good works." Of course there are degrees of indifference, but it can be said that no one should resent being called indifferent if some or all of the following characteristics are evident in his day-to-day living.

The indifferent Catholic is one who has but little interest in receiving the sacraments of Confession and Communion. He may do the bare minimum that is commanded, i.e., receive the sacraments once a year. Or he may even average three or four times a year. Beyond that he is not interested in the sacraments, or he is so much more interested in other things that the thought of receiving the sacraments scarcely ever enters his mind. He would probably agree that he should go to Communion more often, that this is the desire of Christ, the will of the Church, and the first means designed for making men good Christians, but if you ask him why he receives only once or twice a year, he will answer something like this: "I'm too busy," or "I forget about it," or "I just get careless." By every excuse he offers he convicts himself of being an indifferent Catholic.

The indifferent Catholic is also very irregular and careless about prayer. More often than not he for-

gets or deliberately neglects to say any morning or evening prayer. He has long since dropped the habit of praying before and after meals. He faces many temptations in his daily routine, through thought and desire and suggestion, but they never remind him of the need and value of even a small prayer. When he does pray, it is more or less in a perfunctory manner. He says words, but he has scarcely any consciousness of their meaning. His mind cannot tear itself away from his business, family, friends, amusements, etc. Again, he would probably agree with the statement that no man can live a truly Catholic life without prayer, but for himself, he would quickly add, he forgets, gets careless, doesn't think about it, etc. Indifferent is the word for him.

The indifferent Catholic is without very deep convictions about the meaning of sin, or at least he does not let himself be bothered very much either by an occasional fall into serious sin or by his remaining in the state of serious sin for months on end. Thus, when he makes his annual or semiannual confession he usually finds that he has been walking around as a dead man, spiritually speaking, for several months. Perhaps he became drunk quite soon after his last confession. Perhaps he fell into several sins of impurity, or even habitually committed such. He may have missed Mass on Sunday a few times after late Saturday night carousings. The fact that any one of these

sins could have plunged him into hell did not bother him at the time; nor did it disturb him that for weeks and months he walked on the edge of the precipice. He was indifferent to the most important issue in human life, viz., whether he was in friendship or at enmity with God.

On top of all this, the indifferent Catholic is without any incentive of zeal, either for the bettering of his own life or for the making of the true faith a more vital and effective leaven in society. He is content with his own worldliness, disloyalty, and hypocrisy. He recognizes no obligation of good example, influence, and leadership as part of the responsibility of every Catholic toward the world in which he lives. He gives a bad impression of Catholics to all who know him — but he doesn't care.

There, then, is a description of the indifferent Catholic according to which you may answer the nudging question. "Does that mean me?" It requires, usually, an extraordinary grace of God for an indifferent Catholic to shake off his torpor. Sometimes such graces are given through the instrumentality of a bit of good reading. That is why this letter is being written: that it may possibly be the humble channel of an extraordinary grace to one or the other indifferent Catholic soul.

Know then, if you are indifferent according to the above description, that indifference is contrary to the essential spirit of the Christian religion which you profess to follow. The spirit of the true Christian is one of intense gratitude for the redemption and elevation of human nature effected by Christ, of strong, personal, constantly expressed love of Christ, of great fear of being disloyal to Christ, and of eagerness to help others, both

to know Christ and to live in union with Him. All such qualities are lacking in the indifferent person.

Indifference is contrary to a human being's own highest interests in life. For a Catholic, which means one to whom the gift of faith has been given, the first and most important interest must be the saving of his soul. Indifference as described above is the abandonment of all concern in that regard. Indeed, the chances of salvation for an indifferent Catholic are exceedingly low. On tallying his score at each of his infrequent confessions he finds that during five out of six preceding months, or eleven out of the preceding twelve, he has been God's enemy, ripe for condemnation. Unless he shake himself out of that kind of living, how can he expect the extraordinary favor to be granted to him, that he will die during one of the brief periods of readiness that follow his rare confessions, rather than during one of the long periods that he spends in the state of sin? All the odds are against him. All the experiences of life point to the probability that he will die as he mostly lived, indifferent to God, sin, the sacraments, and prayer.

Indifference is also an object of God's special detestation. That's what God meant by the shocking words: "I would that you were cold or hot; but because you are lukewarm, I will begin to vomit you out of my mouth." Religion means man's recognition of the fact that God went all out for him; became a poor, despised, hungry, thirsty, cold, lonely, harried human being to save him; became a criminal to die on the cross that was the only acceptable atonement for his sins; worked miracles, made promises, set up a church, designed sacraments — all to arouse and increase a man's

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love, to insure his loyalty, and to secure his salvation. The indifferent Catholic says to all this: "So what? Leave me alone." It is not difficult to understand the retort of God to such an attitude: "I will begin to vomit you out of my mouth."

Lastly, indifference is the dragging brake that holds back the progress of Christianity and keeps the teachings of Christ from permeating all of society. Pagans can hardly be expected to think much of Christianity, nor to be attracted to it, if they see it only in the lives of indifferent Catholics. Thousands of unbelievers have been induced to accept Christ and enter His Church because they chanced to observe the beauty and power and peace of the lives of true and zealous Catholics. But equal thousands have been repelled from Christianity and stiffened in unbelief because they saw and knew only indifferent Catholics: men and women who thought little of drunkenness, adultery, injustice, and hatred; who professed to believe the tremendous truth that God took the form of bread to be their constant food, and who seldom received Him thus; whose religion taught them that prayer could conquer every evil arising in the heart of man, but who seldom prayed and were overcome by evil. The indifferent Catholic silences

the voice in his neighbor's heart that instinctively encourages him to be a Christian, and so does the exact opposite of the command: "Go and teach all nations. . . . Be witnesses to me in the uttermost parts of the world."

Christmas is a good time for all Catholics to think over these things. The times are so evil and dangerous that only Christianity can save the world from unspeakable horrors of the future. The greatest horror is that indifferent Catholics will die in their sins, and that so many thousands of others will never be drawn to the fold of redemption and grace. The secondary horror is that when Christians have a chance to salvage society from the ruin of its pagan philosophies, they may prefer to live by the same philosophies and to contribute to the ruin. That is their responsibility in being indifferent now.

Christmas is the beginning of Christianity — in the world and in the hearts of individuals. It has enough warmth and love and appeal and power to cast indifference out of every soul. If you have been indifferent, let this Christmas mark an awakening and a real conversion.

Sincerely Yours,

Donald F. Miller

Precious Antiques

The artists of the Middle Ages would have been amazed if they had been present at auctions during the years before World War I, when prices like the following were being paid for their work:

One of Leonardo da Vinci's masterpieces, the Cowper Madonna, sold for \$725,000.

A vestment called the Cope of Ascoli, made in the thirteenth century, was purchased by Pierpont Morgan for \$60,000.

A thurifer, made of bronze, auctioned for \$81,000.



Test of Character (43)

On Being "Outspoken"

L. M. Merrill

Calling a person "outspoken" is one of the virtuous ways of saying that he is very often unkind, inconsiderate, and even brashly insulting in his speech. Certain prominent national and world figures have done an ill service to their fellow men by making it appear smart or humorous to be unkind or insulting in speech. George Bernard Shaw has gone through life insulting almost everybody he met; his arrogant and ignorant superiority complex has been held up as a model of "outspokenness." Alexander Woolcott was an American model of the same type of arrogance. But despite the notoriety attained by these men through the "fine" art of insulting people, it is still a mark of great weakness of character for one to disregard the feelings and sensitivities of others.

Outspoken persons frequently defend unkindness under cover of certain principles that in reality do not at all excuse meanness or uncouthness. For example, they say: "If I don't like a thing, I say so." A certain amount of candor in expressing one's opinion is a charming thing, but it can be pushed too far. There is no virtuous necessity for expressing all the dislikes that flash across one's feelings, and very often it is necessary as a matter of virtue to spare others the hurt that would be given by freely expressed opinions. If I do not like a woman's hat, or a man's necktie, or a child's doll, there is so little at stake that it is sheer unkindness to blurt out my dislike.

Others hide behind the principle: "I don't believe in flattery or palaver." We have seldom heard this principle expressed by a person who was content not to flatter or "palaver"; usually such persons are very vocal faultfinders. If one person praises another for some work or achievement, they can't be silent if they do not believe the praise entirely due; they must run down the work or achievement. Thus "outspokenness" is synonymous with "faultfinding."

A third principle sometimes invoked by the "outspoken" is this: "I refuse to be a hypocrite and to say anything I do not mean." Again the eagerness to evade hypocrisy leads to many equally vicious things, such as detraction, backbiting, hatred, revenge, etc. Such persons need to know that there is no hypocrisy in kindness, good will, charity, and forgiveness, even though these virtues run directly contrary to one's feelings and inclinations.

To be outspoken when truth is under attack, or when charity is being bruised, or when important issues of life are at stake is a good and courageous thing. To be outspoken when nothing is at stake except the feelings of someone else is a small and contemptible thing.

Homesick Christmas

This is an allegory. Too simple for the sophisticated, it is a universal tale of human frustration and longing.

E. F. Miller

IT WAS Christmas eve, the kind you read about in story books. Hard, clean snow broke under your feet like crystal; a bright, clear night brought out the stars as though they had been hung in the sky and decorated with tinsel just for the occasion; and a sharp, still atmosphere turned your breath into clouds of smoke the moment it emerged from your lips. It was a setup, this Christmas eve, a frame for a picture of good will and peace to men.

Along the street that Joe was walking, houses cast patterns of light beneath the windows. Families undoubtedly were reuniting, the old and the young, gathered around Christmas trees, exchanging presents and opening packages as though the world studded with gems had just been handed to them, and nothing more could be desired. From time to time snatches of "Silent Night" or "Jingle Bells" or "Adeste Fideles" floated out from some unseen corner on the frosty air. It all reminded Joe of postcards and movies that he had seen of Christmas in Bavaria or the Alps or some place, of the story that Dickens had written about the old miser and how Christmas had converted him, of a lot of things that were stored away in his memory and which the physical circumstances of the evening were bringing to the surface of his consciousness. He stumbled along, his head buried in his collar, his hands dug deep in his pockets, hardly realizing that he was walking

at all, and not knowing or caring where he was going. He should be on his way to church to go to Confession, he knew that. A Catholic wasn't a real Catholic who did not go to Communion on Christmas Day. But at the moment he couldn't be bothered. He wasn't in the mood. Young people came pushing and singing along the street. They bumped into him; and after apologizing, wished him a merry Christmas. He mumbled something back at them, and kept on his way, not wanting to be infected by their cheer. There was only one thing that could bring cheer to Joe.

The trouble with him was he had no place to go. His folks were dead or had moved to some other part of the country. And he was sure that his buddies of war-time days would not care to have him barge in on them at a time like this. He was utterly alone, and it was not right for a man to be alone on Christmas Eve. Of all the times during the year it was the one time when a man should have some place to go. He should have a home, a family, a group of people, little people perhaps and unimportant, but people, nevertheless, who loved him and who were a part of him. That was one of the reasons why Christmas was made. Peace on earth, good will to men! That was a laugh, as far as he was concerned. How could he have peace of mind when he hadn't seen for almost a year the only one who was close to

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him, the only one who ever would be close to him even though he lived to be a hundred?

It was strange that he couldn't forget this girl (her name was Mary) whom he had married just before he went overseas, and who had left him, or whom he had left—he wasn't exactly sure who had done the leaving—not two months after he returned. He knew other guys who had been with him on islands that geographers had never heard of before the war, who forgot their wives the moment they laid eyes on a "babe," even though she was as black as coal or as yellow as a dandelion. They laughed at him for his queer ideas on being true to one's wife, and called him old Mac-Stick-in-the-Mud. They laughed because he always carried a picture of Mary with him no matter where he went, a kind of shrine that he had rigged up in his pocket. As long as he could feel it near his heart it was almost like having her in his arms. How could he ever look at another woman when he had somebody like that waiting for him at home? Mary was not only a super number when it came to looks and charm, but she had something deep inside her that you don't ordinarily find in girls. She was solid in spirit like an anchor that holds a ship in place. She was brave and courageous like those women you read about who led armies and fought with giants. Yet, with it all there was a softness and a fragility about her that made Joe want to protect her, with his life if necessary. The war may have been a crusade to him against gigantic forces of evil; but it was definitely a time of "sweating it out," as they say, until he could get back and establish himself in his rightful place as the lover and husband of his beloved Mary. That was

why they laughed at him. With dol-lies galore on every side, what was his hurry? (So they said.)

Well, the war was over now, and he was home. And yet, his marriage had gone to pieces like a barrage balloon that's hit with shrapnel. What had happened? He tried to figure it out as he trudged through the snow. Most likely it was a combination of things. There were no houses available when he returned, and so he and Mary took up their residence in a Quonset hut. It was a miserable section of the town which the government had allocated to the ex-service-men, with mud welling up almost to the window sills, with the gas works across the street and the city dump just close enough to make itself felt when the wind blew in the right direction. And Joe could not seem to hold a job. He tried hard enough and surely had enough chances. But it was always the same story. In two days' time he would find himself involved in an argument with someone who did not matter anyway, but who irked him to such an extent that without rhyme or reason he would go to pieces. Naturally, he would then have to give up the job. This querulousness he brought home with him to the Quonset hut, easily and frequently finding fault with Mary's way of doing things (now he realized that there was really nothing to find fault with) and lapsing into long stretches of silence when he did not feel like talking. If he wasn't in the mood for staying home, he would walk the streets until two or three in the morning; and when on his return he would find Mary in tears, he would storm about as though she were at fault.

During all this time (and, for all that, during the months that fol-

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lowed) Joe did nothing really wrong. He knew where to stop when it came to liquor. He had no second home in the neighborhood taverns. Loose and easy women got not so much as a nod from him. And he continued to go to Mass on Sunday and to say an occasional prayer. But there was that restlessness in him that was nearly driving him crazy. He couldn't work; he couldn't stay home; he couldn't open his mouth without saying something mean and cutting. Sometimes Mary came back at him and they really had a quarrel. But most of the time she took it without a word in answer. But it was beginning to tell on her. Listlessness seemed to make the work about the hut a matter of total indifference. And her eyes were almost always red and swollen. It couldn't go on. It didn't go on much longer. One day Joe came home, his mind made up. Unfortunately, he had been drinking more than was his wont. He was through. If he was causing Mary all this sorrow and trouble, he would pull out. Divorce, of course, was impossible. He knew that and had sense enough to believe it. But the least he could do was let her alone. She was happy before she met him; she could be happy again if she were given a chance to forget him. Very likely she didn't love him any more anyway. She could go back to her mother.

In as few words as possible he told her what he intended to do: get a room at the USO, find a job, see if he could stick with it, and if he could, come back and make another try at marriage. If only he had some money, he would give it to her; but he didn't have a cent to his name. When Mary heard what he had to say, she turned as white as a sheet. She pleaded with him. She threw her arms around his

neck and said that she would never give him up. But he would not listen. He packed up his few belongings and left. He did not even kiss her good-by. He went to the USO and they gave him a room.

Not twenty-four hours later he realized his mistake. What a fool he had been! This restlessness he felt was only temporary, something that was bound to pass. Because of it he had wrecked his life, and Mary's too. Well, he had learned his lesson. He would go back and eat humble pie. He would get his job as he had promised, but he would keep his mouth shut. There was no girl in all the world like Mary. By God's grace he would prove to heaven and to earth, too, if that were necessary, that he loved her. And so he hastened back to the Quonset hut. But she was gone. The place was cold and empty and depressing. So that's the way she wants it, he said to himself. I was right after all. She doesn't love me. She could have waited at least a day. She might have known that I'd be back. He stamped out of the hut and slammed the door behind him. It was her turn now. *She* would come back to him.

And so several months passed by, and not once during that time did Joe make any effort to see his wife. He knew where she was living, and more than once he went by the house, each time experiencing a torture that was terrible to endure. But he never went in. *She* would come to him. After all, she was the one who left. And now on Christmas Eve he found himself in that same neighborhood again. It was almost natural that he should be there. A man without a home on Christmas Eve is like a man without a country. He was drawn to the house without his knowing that

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he was going there. He was in front of it now. There was a light in one of the upstairs rooms. Perhaps that was Mary's room. What was she doing? Was she thinking of him? Of course she wasn't. The old pain and emptiness came back. He turned away and started to walk, looking neither to the right nor left, not realizing that he was walking in the street. He went perhaps half a block when there was a sudden crash, a sound of screeching brakes and skidding tires, a feeling as though someone or something had struck him a sudden blow on the head; then everything went black before his eyes and he lost consciousness.

There were no people near at hand when the accident occurred. The driver of the car was unharmed and his automobile undamaged. As soon as he recovered from his initial fright, he ran over to the man whom he had hit to see how badly he was hurt. On eliciting no response from him, he rushed up to the door of the house in front of him and asked the woman who answered his insistent ringing of the bell to phone for an ambulance. When he returned to the street, he found that the injured man had disappeared.

How Joe got into Mary's house he could not clearly remember. But when he came back to consciousness, he was lying on a lounge, and his wife was bathing his head. (Later on she said that he walked in, or rather stumbled in, and without saying a word sat down on a chair in the front room directly next to the Christmas tree.) He looked up at her, and all the longing of the past, all the lonesomeness and loneliness of a man who had spent a long time in exile welled up within him. He did not dare to speak. She was so beautiful as she stooped

over him that he feared he was in a dream, and that if he closed his eyes it would vanish. And then the unreasonable stubbornness that had kept him away from her for so long came back. It was she who had left him, not he who had left her. He sat up and gingerly felt his head. Beyond the fact that it contained a large bump, all seemed to be well. He had no pain in any of his limbs or in any other part of his body. Well, he would be on his way. He stood as though to go. But before he could reach the door, Mary took him by the hand and gently led him to a room toward the rear of the house. They entered, and she closed the door behind them. There, in the middle of the floor, was a crib, and in the crib was a baby.

"It's yours, Joe," she said. "It's yours and mine. It's ours. It's my Christmas present to you. He's only three weeks old. I tried to let you know, but I couldn't find you. Oh, Joe! If only you knew how I have missed you."

Joe just couldn't help himself. He was a big man, and in many ways a rough man. But it was impossible to stop the tears that were flowing down his cheeks. He buried his face in Mary's hair and wept unashamed. Then he straightened up.

"Mary," he said, "I think my siege is over. I think that I can be good now. Will you take me back?"

"Little Joe will answer that one for you," she said as she put the sleeping baby in his arms. "And this will seal the bargain." Baby and all, she put her arms around Joe's neck and kissed him tenderly.

"And now," Joe said a moment later, "I'm going to begin at the beginning. I'm going off to Confession.

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Tomorrow's Christmas, you know, baby back in its crib and got his hat. and it's going to be the happiest one Mary saw him to the door. I've ever had in my life. We'll be "Hurry back," she said. "Little Joe together at the railing." He put the and I shall be waiting."

Death Can Wait

When Abraham Lincoln was president an old man came to him one day to beg mercy for his son who had been court-martialed and condemned to die. The Civil War was in progress at the time, and Lincoln showed the old man a letter he had just received from General Butler in reference to this particular case.

The letter stated: "I urgently beg of you not to interfere in this matter of discipline. Your constant interference in matters of this kind must inevitably destroy the discipline of all the troops."

The old man sat weeping, and Lincoln drummed his fingers on the desk, and finally broke out:

"To the devil with this Butler," and seizing his pen, he wrote: "Job Smith is not to be shot until further orders."

But the father of the soldier was still uneasy.

"What will happen," he asked, "when further orders are sent?"

"I see you do not know me," replied Lincoln. "If your son doesn't die until I order it, he will live longer than Methuselah."

A Pope Quotes Shakespeare

Pius XII became the first Pope to quote Shakespeare in a public address when in the course of his allocution to members of Mother Cabrini's "Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus," gathered in Rome on July 9, 1946, for her canonization, he said: "Her (Mother Cabrini's) idea took on tremendous proportions in the doing of good, but it increased and amplified no less in her in expanding in her heart the thirst for souls which once made our Saint write: 'I feel that the whole world is too small to satisfy my desires.' In reading these words there came to mind, by contrast, those words which Shakespeare put in the mouth of Portia: 'My little body is a-weary of this great world.' In Frances Cabrini there was the ardor of zeal and of sanctity which wished to embrace the entire world, too limited for her ardent longings; in Portia we find personified the sterile sadness of many feminine hearts who, though in the midst of a superabundance of earthly riches, experience the boredom of the world without being able to raise themselves to greater heights."

Strange Anniversary

A recent postwar transport ship to Germany carried a motley group of passengers — a few hundred GI's, seven hundred WACs, three or four hundred civilians, eleven Protestant ministers, nine Catholic priests, and two complete USO shows. Several Masses were celebrated on board every day, and among the congregation there were usually to be found a few of the girls from the chorus of the USO shows. One of the chaplains was struck by their presence at Holy Mass in particular on August 29, the Feast of the Beheading of John the Baptist. As he read the Mass, with its Gospel story of the price asked by the dancing girl for her dance at the court of King Herod, namely the head of St. John, he could not help thinking that perhaps in the Providence of God these modern dancing girls were making almost unwitting reparation for the sin of the dancing girl of long ago by their faithful participation in the Sacrifice of the Mass.



For Wives and Husbands Only

D. F. Miller

Problem: My wife and I get along well except when it comes to arguments about politics. It almost seems that she takes a contrary stand to anything I hold just because I hold it. I admit that I have very strong views about politics, and that I find it hard to be patient with those who take the other side. But I also think that a wife has some duty of listening to her husband and being guided by his greater knowledge in this regard. Sometimes I feel angry enough to ask for a divorce, especially when, in company, she defends the politicians whom I detest. What I want to know is whether a wife is not supposed to show some deference to her husband's opinions in matters of this kind.

Solution: Unless I am badly mistaken in interpreting the tone and context of your letter, the fault for the state of conflict between you and your wife is largely on your side. You are (correct me if I am wrong) not only a man of strong views on politics, but one of intolerant views. Probably a one-party man, you can see no good in the other major political party at all. Probably, too, you are highly respected among people of your own party, who like to hear you flay the opposition for hours on end. Thus you have come to have a fairly high opinion of yourself, and you have gotten to the point where you really think that there is no ground for argument or opinion on the other side. Your wife, on the contrary, while not being nearly so definite in her political views, at least feels that things are not quite so clear-cut, so black and white, as you make them out to be. As a defense mechanism against being carried along on the highly emotional, intolerant wave of arguments you thrust upon her, she takes the other side. Unconsciously she is defending her independence of thought against what looks to her like dictation and force.

You will have peace in your own heart and in your home, only if you recognize a few major truths about political arguments. The first truth is that not all truth, justice, and goodness are in one political party. Political parties are made up of fallible human beings, who can make mistakes and have made mistakes, on both sides, in the past. Secondly, political arguments, even between a man and his wife, are not won by loud talk, by universal statements, nor by damning the opposition. There must be give and take, evidence and counter-evidence, and above all, an open mind that is not straight-jacketed by tradition, self-interest, or emotion. Thirdly, there must be respect for an opponent, even when that opponent is a poorly informed wife, because without that, one's arguments only solidify opposition, especially the opposition of a woman. We suspect that your wife would more often agree with you if you remembered these basic principles of sound political argument.

Racial Harmony

A list of facts and experiences that prove this statement: there is no race problem in America; there is only race prejudice.

H. L. Heim

THE theory that there can be no racial harmony—that the Negro and the white man cannot pray or play together without thumbing each other in the eye—is quivering before the lie detector of ever-increasing facts.

The life of the American saint-to-be, Blessed Martin de Porres, the pioneer social worker in the land of the Incas during the heyday of the conquistadores, is a splendid example of racial harmony. Blessed Martin was a Dominican lay brother and the infirmarian of the community of priests, students, and lay brothers. Noble Spanish blood coursed through the veins of many of the religious, yet they respected the lowly colored lay brother and gave him their obedience in matters pertaining to his office. His cheerful countenance and kind words of encouragement were a ray of sunshine for the people. The news of his death caused a trickle of tears to steal its way down the hardened face of many a Spanish cavalier. The civil and ecclesiastical authorities likewise deeply mourned the loss of a very dear friend.

And then there is St. Benedict the Moor, whose parents were Ethiopian slaves, living in Sicily about the time the seed of the so-called Reformation was being sown. A few years after he became a Franciscan lay brother he was appointed superior of the community of white and colored monks. He proved to be an ideal superior: his orders were tactfully given and cheerfully carried out. Higher superiors and government officials helped to wear thin the cobble-stoned walk

leading to his door.

But these events happened centuries ago, and Martin and Benedict were saints! Now the hands of the clock of history point to the present day and to people living ordinary lives.

Ernie Pyle, the former G. I.'s own war correspondent, in his *Here Is Your War* tells us about a Negro war correspondent of the Negro paper, the *Baltimore Afro-American*: "Ollie Stewart was a Negro, the only American Negro correspondent accredited to the European theater. He was well-educated, conducted himself well, and had traveled a bit in foreign countries. He lived in one of the two cabins with us, ate with us, played handball on the deck with the officers, everybody was friendly to him, and there was no 'problem'."

In South Jamaica, N. Y., the federalized low-cost housing project has 1050 Negro and 459 white families as residents. The housing project is nearly as isolated as a country village, although scarcely a mile from the heart of Jamaica. The women have organized a Red Cross group and an organization called the Dorcas Society which has a co-operative fund to help those in need. There is also a Men's Association with an active sports and civic program. Negro and white families indiscriminantly share the same buildings and apartment floors. The president of the Dorcas Society is a Negro; the vice-president is a white woman. The only trouble has been three fist fights involving white men only.

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The St. Joseph Colored High School of St. Louis, Mo., became the first Negro school to enter its football team in a white league. Through the untiring efforts of its coach, Father Patrick Molloy of Kirkwood, Mo., the team has played league games with every Catholic high school in the St. Louis vicinity. The basketball seasons have been equally successful. One of the white teams against which this team has played is that of St. Joseph College, Kirkwood, Mo., the preparatory seminary of the Redemptorist Fathers. There has been nothing but the most amicable relationship between this colored team and its white opponents.

The Manhattan Council of Boy Scouts of America has taken particular pride in the interracial aspect of its camping program. Scouts attending the various camps dine, swim, play, and work together regardless of race or color. They are free from prejudice and are just one big bunch of happy boys. Jim is Jim, and Jack is Jack. Year after year their camping season is a grand success.

Many unions are electing competent Negroes to take their place at official desks. The Ford local of the United Automobile Workers (CIO), whose 90,000 members constitute the largest local union in this country, some time ago asked Shelton Trapps, a Negro, to take over the secretarial duties.

Besides the Society of the Divine Word (Techny Fathers) which has Negro priests and brothers in its communities, there are other religious orders that number Negroes amongst their members. The Dominican Sisters have set up a community of colored and white nuns at Marbury, Ala., which is to devote itself to perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacra-

ment and prayer for the conversion of the South. The St. Mary Sisters (the angels of mercy of St. Louis hospital fame) are now accepting colored postulants. Recently, the Jesuits accepted a Negro as a clerical novice. Other religious orders that welcome Negroes are: the Benedictine Fathers, the Crosier Fathers, the Edmundite Fathers, the Josephite Fathers, the Sacred Heart Fathers, the Franciscan Conventual Fathers, the Salvatorian Fathers, the Trinitarian Fathers, the Brothers of Mercy, the Trappists, the Sisters of Social Service, the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, and the Carmelite Sisters. If racial harmony is practiced in community life where the white and the dusky skinned religious live together under the same roof, why isn't it possible on the ball field, in the theater, and in the restaurant?

There are many Catholic interracial councils existing throughout the nation, putting in a big bid for better race relations. White and colored members of the councils pray, play, and plan together. Some white and colored members might not like each other as individuals, but where personal friendships are formed, they eat together or visit each other for sessions in their homes. In the councils, too, members serve as officers according to ability, not according to race.

Joseph Anderson, Negro, graduate of Xavier University of New Orleans, the only colored Catholic university, was accepted by the Middlebury French School, Middlebury, Vt. His roommate was a white youth and there was no friction. He often accepted invitations for a sandwich and a beer in other students' rooms. He got along famously even with the students from the very deep South!

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Never at any time did the students advert to the fact that Anderson was colored.

In 1942 the Notre Dame Sisters of Mount Mary College, Milwaukee, Wis. (a Catholic women's college), offered a scholarship to a Negro, Lois Scherer. This was not a mistake as time soon bore out. The 300 white students at the school showed a deep Catholic affection for Miss Scherer exemplifying the principles of Catholicity which are so often on people's lips but not in their actions.

The students of St. Barnab's High School, Bronx, New York City, chose Anita Cipriani, the only Negro student of the school, to represent that section of the district in the Oratorical Contest of Greater New York City. Sister Maria Thomas, principal of the school, writes: "She is the only one of her race in our high school of three hundred students. Anita displays native culture and refinement coupled with personal charm and dignity. She is prayerful and keenly intelligent." Needless to say, Miss Cipriani holds no small degree of popularity with her fellow pupils.

Right Reverend John A. Ryan, D.D., in his testimony before the Senate Committee at hearing on S. 2048, August 31, 1944, speaking of the rights of the Negro, told how the Negro and the white man can study in harmony: "Some ten years ago, I directed the members of my class in social ethics at the National Catholic School of Social Service to put down on paper their opinions concerning the proposal to admit Negro students to that institution. All the students of the N.C.S.S.S. are college graduates. A small minority of those who wrote papers were unfavorable to the proposal, on the grounds that it was distasteful and would not work. A short

time later Negro girls were admitted to the classes of the school, without any opposition or excitement on the part of the white students. If I were to assign a similar task to the students today, I doubt that even one of them would condemn the existing arrangement. For several years now, I have had three or more Negroes in my own class. I have seen white and Negro girls sitting side by side in the classroom and associating in periods of recreation. There has been no friction, no tension, nor any avoidance nor attitude of superiority manifested by any group. Some of the Negro students are not Catholic. Yet the members of both races treat all their fellow students without distinction of color according to the principles of Christianity, right reason, and genuine Americanism."

The summer school of Catholic Action, in its session of August 21-26, 1944, brought to light many facts showing promising development among Catholics in the field of interracial education. It was disclosed that:

1. "We have had colored students for more than five years at St. Elizabeth's (Convent Station, N. J.) and last year we admitted the first Negro student as boarder; none of the other students thought of leaving. In fact, today we have been obliged to open forty more rooms and we have the largest waiting list in our history. . . . If our registration has suffered because of our admission of Negroes, I can't imagine what heights it would have reached had we *not* admitted them!" Thus writes a faculty member.

2. St. Joseph College, Hartford, Conn., has had Negro girls attending for the past five years and this new policy is meeting with universal satisfaction.

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3. In 1943 the Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa., was "very happy to award to a Negro nun a degree, and this year we have two other nuns taking a course."

4. The students of Marywood College, Scranton, Pa., have inaugurated a scholarship fund for the benefit of Catholic Negroes. One Negro student has already been admitted, and the student body was so satisfied that it intends to build up the fund for subsequent admissions.

Though this list of actual cases of racial harmony is by far an incomplete one, still it gives the lie to the dictum that Negro and white people cannot co-operate. From these cases

we may easily draw the conclusion that the Negro and the white man *can* pray, play, and plan together without friction. But both the Negro and the white man must co-operate to make this racial harmony possible: which means a readiness to associate without rancor and bitterness on the part of the Negro, and the piercing of the shell of prejudice on the part of the white man. Break down the bar of prejudice, give the Negro equal facilities and opportunities of life, let the white man know his colored neighbor as an individual and the white man will like or dislike the Negro for his qualities *as an individual*, and not because he belongs to this or that race.

Christmas Child

Ah hail, sweet Christmas Child,
Born in peril,
Thy lips tonight beguiled
Song to carol.

Sing glory, glory!

Sing glory, glory!

Small hands in Mary's hair,
Tugging, wake her;
Maid, lay thy bosom bare
To thy Maker.

Sing glory, glory!

Sing glory, glory!

Yes, Joseph watching will
Kiss You maybe!
His strong arms hold You still,
Lovely Baby.

Sing glory, glory!

Sing glory, glory!

On me too Love has smiled
From a manger;
Thanks, sweet Christmas Child.
— From a stranger.

Sing glory, glory!

Sing glory, glory!

— J. G. Duyn

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man in this passage might detract from the grandeur of the scene. But putting aside the charm of unusual expression associated with *son of man*, would there not be an even greater contrast and greater sublimity in a scene where God almighty speaks to a *human being*, and where a human being calls upon dry bones to rise from the dead? In any case, it is clear that the fundamental meaning of the phrase *son of man* here is precisely *human being*.

But the prophet Daniel shows most clearly of all that to the Hebrew mind the expression *son of man* conveyed our concept of *human being*. Daniel (in Chap. 10) has just had a terrifying vision of a fiery being, and has fallen frozen with fear on his face. Then, he says, "as it were the likeness of a son of man touched my lips: then I opened my mouth and spoke. . . ." And a few verses further on he describes this *son of man* in other words: "Therefore he that looked like a man touched me again. . . ." Evidently to the prophet "he that looked like a man" was the same as "the likeness of a son of man," — or in our English idiom, a *human being*.

But *son of man* was not the only Hebrew (or Aramaic) use of this idiom. *Children of iniquity* was a common phrase. And our Lord Himself spoke of *children of darkness* and *children of light*. In fact, He called Sts. James and John *sons of thunder* for their violent impetuosity, and Judas the *son of perdition* because he was the only one of the Twelve to be lost.

Our English idiom is to use an *adjective* to describe the quality of persons under discussion — *iniquitous* or *evil*; *darkened*, *enlightened*, *thundering Apostles* (there is a well-

known life of the ardent Abbot de Rance, founder of the Trappists, called *The Thundering Abbot*). But the Hebrew and Aramaic idiom was evidently to embody the quality in a *noun*, and then describe the person in question as the *son* of this particular quality.

And so when our Lord wished to call Himself the *human being*, He used the idiomatic Aramaic expression *son of man*.

But why did He choose to call Himself the *human being*?

Well, first of all He was a *human being*. He was not an iron man, insensible to human feeling, driving His way through life without ordinary human reactions and emotions. On the contrary, He felt intensely. He felt joy and grief, admiration, sympathy, disappointment, fear, dislike, anger; and He showed His feelings externally. He showed dislike and anger with the Pharisees by vigorous word and action; He burst out into exclamations of admiration at the faith of the centurion; He shed tears of grief and sympathy; He sweat a bloody sweat of fear.

But on the other hand He was not a sissy or a pious weakling. Strange though it may strike us at first, one charge His enemies never brought against Him was that He was a pious hypocrite, or overly pious, or even pious or "churchy" at all. Rather the opposite! "He destroyeth the temple!" "He hath a devil!" "He blasphemeth!"

There is a world of mystery — indeed, it is one phase of the *mystery of Christ* — in this unique balance of tenderness and force in a single personality. But for the present, let us take it simply as evidence that He was what He loved to call Himself — a *human being*.

But more than a *human being*. He

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called Himself *the human being*. It would seem that not only as God, but especially as man, as a human being, the position He had been sent to occupy in the world was absolutely unique, and He knew it. That in some way He was to be the central figure, the hero, in the entire drama of mankind, and every other human being occupied only a minor role in the cast.

Yes, that is exactly the stupendous and inspiring fact. That is the complete *mystery of Christ*. The story of mankind is not a haphazard succession of births and deaths, of dates and reigns, of battles, empires, and revolutions; it is not a futile and tragic struggle in the dark, not "a madman's tale, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." It has a plot, a hero (and a heroine) and a villain; and the countless host of humanity for a supporting cast on one side or the other.

As the script was originally written, Adam was cast for the role of *the human being*, and Eve for *the woman*; Adam the hero, and Eve the heroine in the drama of the human race. With Adam the whole play was to stand or fall. But "enter the villain" in the very first scene, and Adam and Eve not only abandoned their lines, but very nearly ruined the entire production. At any rate, they forfeited their roles. The play failed with them, and the rest of us bear the marks of their failure right down to the present day.

But the great Playwright and Director and Stage Manager had considered this eventuality from the start, and was prepared for it. "The play must go on!" A new *human being*, a *second Adam* must be found, and a new *Eve*. Out of infinite resourcefulness and divine pity emerged

the second Adam, the human being who would not fail, who would be born of *the woman* conceived without sin, and with Whom the play would go on to glorious success.

The play did go on; still a struggle, it is true, between the hero and the heroine and their friends on the one hand and the villain and his followers on the other. It still bears the marks of that first failure; but in the long run, under that glorious hero and heroine, for all its defects, it is and will be a more triumphant success than the original play could ever have hoped to be.

Indeed, the new play is *the play*. Adam's failure was the *felix culpa* which made possible the realization of the Playwright's central and greatest inspiration. For His first thought of the play, the radiating inspiration from which all else flowed, conceived in the unthinkable ages of eternity, was not that of a series of nebular or atomic disturbances in space, or of a succession of migrations of nations, of rise and fall of kingdoms on earth; His central, guiding, radiating inspiration was *the human being* and *the woman*. For them all the rest of creation took shape in the Supreme Artist's mind. For them the stage was set, and the preliminary acts were played. For the delight of their eyes mainly the backdrop of the sky was brightened with stars and sun and moon—strewn there by whatever means the great Stage Manager had at His almighty disposal. For their ears, birds were made to sing. For their breathing the atmosphere was created, and the flowers were made to lend it fragrance. For their thirst, springs and rivers flowed; for their hunger, the earth yielded its fruits in season. For them the *blessed sin* of Adam was permitted; for them

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even the villain came on the scene and was permitted to play his part.

This is the magnificent *mystery of Christ*; this is the *hidden purpose of God's will*; "His loving design, centered in Christ, to give history its fulfillment by resuming everything in Him, all that is in heaven, all that

is on earth, summed up in Him." Such is the description given it by St. Paul in his Epistle to the Ephesians, drawn no doubt from his revelations in the *third heaven*. And such was the meaning of the name our Lord chose to give Himself — "*the human being*."

Four Reasons for Daily Mass

1. That for half-an-hour just at the opening of the day you are silent and recollected, and have to put off cares, interests, and passions in the repetition of a familiar action. This must certainly be a great benefit to the body and give it tone.

2. That the Mass is a careful and rapid ritual. Now it is the function of all ritual (as we see in games, social arrangements and so forth) to relieve the mind by so much of responsibility and initiative and to catch you up (as it were) into itself, leading your life for you during the time it lasts. In this way you experience a singular repose, after which fallowness I am sure one is fitter for action and judgment.

3. That the surroundings incline you to good and reasonable thoughts, and for the moment deaden the rasp and jar of that busy wickedness which both working in one's self and received from others is the true source of all human miseries. Thus the time spent at Mass is like a short repose in a deep and well-built library, into which no sounds come and where you feel yourself secure against the outer world.

4. And the most important cause of this satisfaction that one experiences in going to daily Mass is that you are doing what the human race has done for thousands upon thousands upon thousands of years. You do all that the race needs to do and has done for all these ages where religion was concerned: there you have the sacred and separate Enclosure, the Altar, the Priest in his Vestments, the set ritual, the ancient and hierarchic tongue, and all that your nature cries out for in matter of worship.

Hillaire Belloc

Appeal in Stone

The Cathedral of Luebeck in Germany has the following inscription on a slab over the main door:

"Ye call Me Master and obey me not,
Ye call Me Light and see Me not,
Ye call Me Way and walk Me not,
Ye call Me Life and desire Me not,
Ye call Me wise and follow Me not,
Ye call Me fair and love Me not,
Ye call Me rich and ask Me not,
Ye call Me eternal and seek Me not,
Ye call Me gracious and trust Me not,
Ye call Me noble and serve Me not,
Ye call Me mighty and honor Me not,
Ye call Me just and fear Me not,
If I condemn you, blame Me not."



Thoughts for the Shut-in

L. F. Hyland

On Impatience in Convalescence

Many sick persons do harm to themselves by not using properly the normal period of convalescence. They are so eager to go back to their regular work and so tired of being an invalid that they bring on a relapse by overexertion before the full strength of their bodies has been restored. This is both wrong and foolish: wrong, because it is contrary to the proper care of the body, and foolish, because it thwarts, sometimes permanently, their very desire for health and activity.

Nature has wonderful restorative powers, but they must be permitted to exercise themselves properly. When one has been seriously ill, the body and its many important functions have been weakened, and the lost strength cannot be built up in an hour or a day. For the period of convalescence, three things are necessary, and no amount of impatience to get back on the job should interfere with them.

1. *Obedience to the physician.* If the doctor says that a certain number of days must be spent in bed, or indoors, his command should be followed literally. There is no point in accepting the ministrations of a physician in the depths of illness, if one is going to refuse and reject them as soon as the major signs of illness disappear. Too many people think that they know more than their doctor as soon as their fever breaks and they begin to feel half well again. It should be a matter of conscience to obey the doctor right to the end of convalescence.

2. *Mental relaxation.* Overactivity of the mind can slow down the process of convalescence and even lead to a relapse into illness. The same is true of over-anxiety and worry. It is God's will that the convalescent be relaxed physically, mentally, and emotionally. The fact that there is much work to be done, and that there are responsibilities to be assumed, should not be permitted to agitate the mind or to disturb the emotions. It should be enough that it is obviously God's will that the sick person "take it easy" until his full powers can be brought to those tasks and responsibilities.

3. *Physical rest and sleep.* Usually a convalescent does not have to be told to sleep a good part of the time — both day and night. Nature arranges this in her own way, because it is during sleep that the strength lost in illness is restored. Therefore there should be no feeling of shame or futility in the fact that many hours are spent in sleep during convalescence. Those are the golden hours that speed the day of release.

Relapses are all too frequent after illness, and they are always dangerous. Most people are a little afraid of overdoing convalescence after illness and are thus endangered. If they accept obedience to a physician as a norm, and relax physically and mentally, they will neither be guilty of laziness, nor will they endanger their returning health and strength.



Side Glances

By the Bystander

The bystander watched the bitter political campaign that was waged in Wisconsin before the November elections on the question of whether the State Constitution, which forbids aid to particular religious bodies, should be amended to permit private and parochial school children, as well as public school children, to use publicly provided buses on their way to school. By far the largest number of children who would have benefited by the amendment were Catholics, because only Catholics are universally insistent on having their own schools, in which their children may be taught religion just as they are taught other things. The amendment was defeated by almost 100,000 votes. It is instructive, and we do not think ungracious or un-American, to look back over the campaign and analyze some of the features that made it a real battle of propaganda and electioneering. Catholics, who had so much at stake, have, in true American fashion, accepted the result. But issues such as this will rise again, and when they do, it will be well if we have learned something from the past.

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The school-bus campaign proved the power of slogans on people's minds, even though the slogans represent half truths or untruths. The chief slogan of those who led the opposition against the bus bill was that "it was a move toward union of Church and State." It is safe to say that not a single advocate of the amendment, from high church officials down to simple parents worried about getting their children safely to school, had the remotest desire or intention of promoting any kind of union of Church and State. Furthermore, the question of union of Church and State was entirely beside the point, because federal and state governments have already provided many types of services to citizens that in some way touch on their practice of religion, without moving in the slightest degree toward a fusion of Church and State. Thus, policemen are sent to protect children from traffic on

the streets around parochial as well as public schools, and they are on hand when vast crowds are entering and leaving both Catholic and Protestant churches to see that nobody is hurt in the throngs. Thus, publicly paid nurses and doctors check up on children in parochial schools as well as in public. Thus, even while the bus bill was being hotly argued as a Church and State issue, state authorities were rigging up the "hot lunch program" for both parochial and public school children. Thus, too, the Federal Government pumped huge sums of money into private high schools and colleges during the war, obviously giving some help to religion thereby, but with the primary purpose of accelerating the training of needed officers for the armed forces. Even today, the heads of Catholic seminaries, Catholic universities and colleges, are being solicited by the government to permit it to build dormitories and lecture halls for them so that as many veterans as possible will have an opportunity to complete their education. Concerning these and many other services to those who are being educated in parochial or religious schools, we have not heard a word of protest on the ground that they are uniting Church and State; everybody can see that in doing these things the State is exercising one of its essential functions, viz., providing something necessary for its citizens which they cannot provide for themselves. Yet in regard to the bus bill, suddenly the slogan "this is union of Church and State" was pulled out of a hat, and it took root in people's minds and sent enough of them to the polls determined to prevent union of Church and State to kill the amendment.

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The real issue, which so few who were subjected to the "union of Church and State" propaganda seemed to grasp, was very simple. Even southern states, not historically noted for exceptional broadmindedness on religious issues, such as Kentucky and Mississippi, comprehended it and acted upon

it through accepted decisions of their courts. The real issue was not whether aid should be given to private schools or not, but whether the state should protect and assist children on their way to school. The Constitution of the United States guarantees freedom as to the choice of a school for their children to all American parents. More than that, federal law compels all children under a certain age to go to school, the school of their parents' choosing. The question before the voters of Wisconsin was something like this: "Shall we protect Wisconsin children on their way to school? Shall we help them to obey the law which compels them to go to school? Shall we remove the excuse that might be given by parents for not sending their children to school, that they live too far away, that they have to walk too dangerous highways, that they are too young to be sent out alone?" The question of the kind of school the child might be attending should not have entered the matter; the Constitution of the United States should have eliminated it because it guarantees freedom in that regard. So Kentucky looked at the matter when its Supreme Court referred to the hazards of the highways and the distances to be traversed by children and said in effect: We have the obligation of helping our children get safely to school — to any school that their parents choose for them. So Mississippi decided through a court decision which referred to the argument that Church and State should not be united and said that this was irrelevant to the point at issue, viz., the State's care for all its children. But Wisconsin's voters were led to overlook the children for the schools. They missed the simple point that it was the children who mattered, not the schools.

The effect of the killing of the amendment is a very dangerous restraint of freedom for some parents and children in a right that is constitutionally guaranteed. It forces at least some parents to give up their right to choose a school for their children. For example, if people living on a farm or in a country district are too far from either a public or parochial school to demand that their children walk to either, and if the only way the children can get to any school is by publicly provided bus, these people have now lost their freedom to choose a school for their children. The voters of Wisconsin

have said to them: "You have no choice. You must send your children to a public school." This restraint of freedom is especially tragic in view of the fact that so repeatedly in recent years have even leading non-Catholics deplored the lack of religious training among youth, have traced juvenile delinquency to forms of education that cannot stress the spiritual and religious; have attributed the increasing paganism of adults to their lack of good grounding in religion in childhood. It is a wonderful thing for the welfare of the nation that freedom of education is guaranteed, so that those who want to infuse religious motives for good character and citizenship into the very process of education are safeguarded in so doing. It is a sad and a dangerous thing that so important a freedom can be limited and even destroyed in any part of the land.



The above facts, offered here solely for their intellectual and practical value, should not permit Catholics to become embittered over the rejection of the bus bill, nor lessen the charity they are bound to exercise toward those who fear and mistrust them. Indeed, they should make Catholics only more eager to prove to their non-Catholic fellow citizens that a good Catholic is always a good citizen, and that the better Catholic he is, the better American he must be. Mistrust of Catholics, which phrase summarizes the sincere and conscientious attitude of many non-Catholics, especially of those who worked so industriously to defeat the bus bill, is kept alive mostly by bad Catholics. Every bad Catholic, whose life and conduct are a contradiction of the high morality he professes as a Catholic, is another argument for mistrust of the Catholic Church and all her works on the part of non-Catholics. The bad Catholic may even say to himself: "I am responsible for the fact that Catholic children may not ride buses to Catholic schools, because my example feeds and intensifies the prejudices that make other people mistrust everything connected with Catholics." With humility, self-examination, and earnest resolve to reform themselves, Wisconsin Catholics can accept the majority will of the state regarding the bus bill, and determine that their own virtuous, holy, and patriotic lives will prove in time that the Catholic Church and its people need not be feared.



Catholic Anecdotes

No Place for a Sinner

Abbott Moses, one of the fathers of the desert, in his younger years, was the leader of a robber band.

Long after he had taken up his holy life he was called one day to attend a meeting of the monks at which they were to judge a certain secret fault committed by one of their number.

At first the holy old man refused to be present, but when he was summoned again, he finally appeared, bearing on his back a heavy basket filled with sand.

Upon being asked why he came thus burdened, he replied:

"This heavy load represents my numberless sins. I still must carry them, though behind me, and yet I am sent for to judge the sins of others!"

Mercy Finds Means

General Dumas, father of the famous French novelist, was commander of the army of the Alps in the days of the Napoleonic wars.

One day he rode into the square of a village in Italy and found that the political commission there had erected a guillotine and was about to execute four ragged Italians.

"What is the crime these men have committed?" the general asked.

"They plotted to assassinate you," was the reply.

"Well, it is my wish that they be released."

"But General, you have no power to countermand our decisions."

"I suppose that is true. However, I do have power to requisition fuel for my army." So saying, he turned to the soldiers who were with him. "Take down that guillotine," he told them, "and chop it up for firewood."

Then to the unguarded prisoners, he said: "Now run for it!"

Power Unlimited

A Catholic boy was once endeavoring to explain the doctrine of the Real Presence to some of his non-Catholic friends.

"Such a thing is impossible," one of them said.

"Not at all," the Catholic boy said. "Do you believe in the Apostles' Creed?"

"Sure, but there is nothing in the Creed about the Real Presence."

"Let's hear you say the Creed."

The other began, rather doubtfully: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, creator of heaven and earth —"

"Stop right there," cried the young Catholic apostologist. "If God could create heaven and earth, don't you suppose it's possible for Him to work this miracle, too?"

Thus do many people find difficulty with faith because they seldom meditate on the meaning of omnipotence. It would seem obvious that omnipotence knows no difficulties; yet difficulties make people doubt God's power.



Pointed Paragraphs

Christmas Apothegms

There is no Christmas without Christ.

There is no Christ in Christmas if He is not in the hearts of those who celebrate it.

There is no Christ in the hearts of men unless He is accepted as both Saviour and King.

There is no acceptance of Christ except in gratitude for His redemption and obedience to His law.

There is no good reason for feasting in one's home at Christmas unless one has first feasted in church on the Body and Blood of Christ in Communion.

There is no true motive for giving gifts to friends at Christmas if one does not accept Christ as the source of all gifts and does not give the first gift, his heart's love, to Him.

There is no meaning in the words "A Merry Christmas" unless they mean "Christ be with you always."

There is nothing more vile than using Christmas holidays as opportunities for sin.

There is no joy worth while at Christmas if it is not combined with the joy of anticipating heaven.

There is no sorrow greater than that of staying in sin and forfeiting heaven at Christmas.

Political Somersault

The democrats are out; the republicans are in. Political analysts throughout the country are busy interpreting

the minds of the voters who rudely took the control of Congress out of the hands of the democrats, who had held it for 14 years, and thrust it into the hands of the republicans.

Only the most violently partisan, "right-or-wrong-my-party" democrats will see unmitigated evil in the change of national leadership. Independent voters, who, we like to believe, are the majority of Americans, will perceive many blessings in it, apart from whether they voted republican or democratic or split tickets, and apart from the issues that were hammered at before the election.

For one thing, a change in the administrators and beneficiaries of patronage is good, even though it results in the loss of jobs to many good men, who will now become political d.p.'s (displaced persons). However, a party long entrenched in power naturally acquires many undesirable hangers-on, some in major and some in minor positions of authority and trust. The country is too large, the offices too many, the checks and balances too few, for a party long in power to be able to put only good men in high and low positions and to shake off the bad. We are sorry for the good who will go out with the bad, but it is good that the bad will go and we can start off with a clean slate.

For another thing, a change of legislative control can bring new ideas and fresh outlooks to problems that have been crying for solution for

a long time. The new crowd may not resolve these problems any more quickly or wisely than the old, but at least they can bring new minds to work on them. After all, republicans and democrats are just about perfectly agreed on the goals they want to attain for the country and all its citizens. It is on the means to these goals that disputes arise, mistakes are made, and wisdom is required. Perhaps some new wisdom will be brought to bear on them with the arrival of new minds.

One Job for the Republicans

Many writers have declared that the issue of Communism was the most influential in turning the voters toward the republican party. Many citizens are looking hopefully to the republican party to do something about Communism in the United States. We join them in their hope.

It is not an easy problem to handle. It is complicated by many circumstances. No one has as yet drawn a distinct line between guaranteed American civil rights on the one hand, such as free speech and assembly, and the right to advocate Communism on the other. Moreover, Communists are slithery people, hard to get the goods on, hard to pin down, hard to follow. They are also professional liars, taking full advantage of the traditional American practice of assuming that all men tell the truth. The problem is complicated, too, by the fact that there are employers and capitalists in the land who wrongly identify anyone who works for social justice with the Communists, and who even use the Communist smear to discredit or oppose necessary reforms in industrial relations. And there are politicians who worry about offending the Com-

munist because of the votes they can deliver.

Despite the complications, every good American should recognize the fact that something should be done. It is Communists in labor unions who are keeping good men out of them, where the latter should be the leaders. It is Communists who are perpetuating the opposition of capitalists to co-operation with labor unions. It is Communists who are indefatigably working to overthrow the American system and to sovietize the world. The elimination of Communists, while it would not cure some capitalists of their opposition to organized labor, would certainly deprive these of their best argument against labor, and would certainly make a hundred times easier the task of progressive, fair-minded capitalists who want to co-operate with labor.

It is for the republicans to find a way of ending the influence and activities of Communists. We do not see why devotion to civil rights need prevent our legislators from declaring a proved profession of Communism to be an act of treason. That is exactly what it is, as can be shown from the writings of Marx, Lenin, Stalin, and every foreign and domestic representative of real Communism today. There is no good reason why laboring men should have to belong to unions in control of Communists or lose their jobs. There is no good reason why owners and managers of plants should have to sit down at bargaining tables with men who are known to be planning and working for the overthrow of the American form of government and the American system of doing business.

The danger, of course, is that witch hunting and labor hating may creep into the formulation or execution

of the law. That would nullify all the gains achieved by the elimination of Communism. There is danger too that the need of getting rid of Communists will be used, by the unregenerate, as a reason for destroying or persecuting all unions. All the wisdom of the republican party will be needed to do that which is needed without effecting that which is wrong. What is needed is to smoke out the Communists; it would be wrong and disastrous to use the Communist evil to hamstring all unions.

What We Pay For

"Only by divorcing morals from religion can we hope to produce more mature adults able to cope with the realities of our changing world," H. Scudder Mekeel, associate professor of anthropology and sociology at the University of Wisconsin, told members of Vanguard, a religious discussion group, in a meeting at Memorial Union. "Parental attempts to tie religion and morals together in infants' minds are producing a race of adults who would be more at home in medieval times than in our present-day society," Prof. Mekeel said. He pointed out that if the individual has been taught to separate morals from faith, he will feel "emotionally secure" even if he finds that he has to break with religion. To achieve this, Mekeel urged "more and more benign child training and less rigid upbringing."

Prof. Mekeel teaches at a state university, which state university is supported by public taxes. Don't people have any "say" at all as to how their money is to be spent?

Prof. Mekeel is only one case of a thousand cases in our "public" educational system that makes it impossible both for people to have peace

on earth and to find happiness in heaven. His rantings and their rantings are so puerile and untrue that they are not even deserving of refutation. Any grade school child in a Catholic school knows that religion means action if it means anything at all. And action means morals. Religion and morals are synonymous.

The only point to be made here is a warning. Parents who send their children to institutions of this kind are even worse than Prof. Mekeel. They should rather have their boys and girls go through life unable to recite the ABC's than have them subjected to such infantile rot. It is difficult to see how parents who do allow their children to sit under the innumerable Prof. Mekeels escape serious fault.

Christ in the Marketplace

It is a truism to say that if Catholics the world over, especially those trained and equipped for leadership in our Catholic colleges, were to realize their full potentialities in public affairs, the world would show a far more Christian appearance than is at present visible. The number of good Catholics in public life or in positions of public responsibility is far less than our proportion of the population should show, and it is of little use to complain of this state of affairs unless our young college graduates can be shown their responsibilities.

It is with these thoughts in mind that a rather unique organization called *The Christophers* has been put into operation. The organization is unique in that it requires no dues of its members, elects no officers, and has no meetings. All is asks of those who belong to it is that they look upon themselves as "Christ-bearers," des-

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tinued to bring the principles of Christ into the market-place of human affairs and it urges that, motivated by this thought, they take jobs whenever possible in fields of endeavor that have far-reaching power in moulding the outlook of the great multitude of mankind, i.e., in journalism, radio, labor, education, social service and government. The appeal is made not only to Catholics, but to all young people who are interested in making the kingdom of Christ a reality.

To those who would say that such a program is flavored with a hopeless idealism, it can be pointed out that *The Christophers* have their feet on the ground, and have already begun to make their impact felt through the work of individual members in publishing houses and radio. A group of members (Catholic and non-Catholic) is even now engaged in detecting and making available information regarding the inroads of subversive movements in our country, information which is published in a monthly called *Plain Talk*. It should be emphasized that there is no platform for all this activity other than to live and spread the teachings of Christ in all walks of public life.

It seems to us that the plan is worthy of great commendation. We hope that Father Keller, the zealous director of the movement, enjoys increasing success in recruiting new members, and to young people who may read this brief account and find themselves interested we suggest that they write for further information to *The Christophers*, attention Father Keller, 121 East 39th St., New York.

Stay Away!

At least one Catholic professor in a large non-sectarian university on the

West Coast makes it a point to discourage Catholic students from entering the institution where he teaches. Or if they have already entered, he urges them to withdraw as soon as possible. On one occasion he confided to a friend of the writer: "If a Catholic can keep his faith after spending one year in this university, I consider it a miracle. Naturally speaking it can't be done."

John A. Hardon in
"Prophets of Error"

Promotion

We know of one very prominent Catholic man (formerly of Notre Dame and famous on the football field) who is now football coach at a certain university in the middle West. This university has a rather unsavory reputation. At least, we know a number of Catholic young people who lost their faith quite completely within its learned halls. Yet, this very prominent Catholic man, now the football coach, did not hesitate some years ago to make a tour of the surrounding towns and villages in an effort to persuade high-school graduates to enroll at the university. Perhaps the very prominent Catholic man was seeking strong young men for his football team, and did not feel that such students would be sufficiently exposed to the class room to be contaminated. Or perhaps he believed that in spite of what is said, one can approach close to the fire without being burned. Whatever he felt and believed, it is too bad that he is set up as a prominent Catholic man. The martyrs were not like that, nor the confessors of old, nor are the real Catholics of today like that. The real Catholic cannot become a party to the promotion of godless education.



Liguoriana



EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer

"A Child Is Born to Us."

Octavius Augustus, the Emperor of Rome, wishing to know the strength of his empire, decreed that there be a general enrolling of all his subjects. For this purpose he ordered all the governors of the provinces — and, among the rest, Cyrinus, governor of Judea — to make everyone come to enroll himself, and at the same time pay a certain tribute. "There went forth a decree that a census of the whole world should be taken." As soon as this decree was promulgated, Joseph obeys immediately; he does not even wait till his holy spouse should be delivered, though she was near her time. He set out on his journey with Mary, then pregnant with the divine Word, to go and enroll himself in the city of Bethlehem: "to register, together with Mary his espoused wife, who was with child." The journey was a long one of four days, made more difficult because they had to cross mountains and steep paths, through the wind, the rain and the cold.

Behold these two illustrious pilgrims, Joseph and Mary, who bears within her womb the Saviour of the world, entering into Bethlehem. They go to the house of the imperial minister to pay the tribute, and to enroll themselves in the book as the subjects of Caesar. Here they also inscribed the offspring of Mary, Jesus Christ, who was the Lord of Caesar

and of all the princes of the earth. But who acknowledges them? Who announces, salutes, or receives them? "He came unto his own and his own received him not." They travel like poor people, and as such they are despised. Yes, they are treated even worse than the other poor, and are driven away, for, "it came to pass while they were there, that the days for her to be delivered were fulfilled." Mary knew that the time of her delivery was come, and that it was here, and on that night, that the Incarnate Word willed to be born, and to manifest Himself to the world. She therefore told Joseph, and he hastened to procure some lodging in the houses of the townspeople. He did not wish to take her to the inn to be delivered, for, aside from its being full, it was not a decent enough place for her. But he found none to listen to him; and very likely he was insulted, and called a fool by some of them, for taking his wife about at that time of night, and in such a crowd of people, when she was near her delivery. He was finally obliged to take her to the public inn, where there were many other people lodging that night. He went there, but they were refused admittance even there, and told that there was no room for them. There was room for all, even for the lowest, but not for Jesus Christ!

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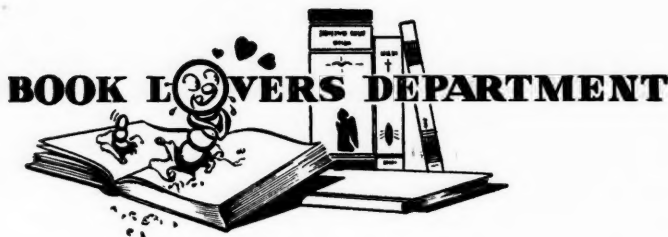
That inn was a figure of those ungrateful hearts where many find room for miserable creatures, but not for their God. How many love their relatives, their friends, even animals, but do not love Jesus Christ, and care neither for His grace nor His love! The ever blessed Virgin Mary, however, once said to a devout soul: "It was the dispensation of God that neither I nor my Son should find a lodging among men, that those souls who love Jesus might offer themselves as a lodging place, and might affectionately invite Him to come into their hearts."

These poor travelers, seeing themselves repulsed on every side, leave the city to try and find some place of refuge without its walls. They walk on in the dark around the walls of the city, till at last they see a grotto, which was cut out of stone in the mountain under the city. When they came to it, Mary said to Joseph: "There is no occasion to go farther; let us go into this cave and remain there." "What!" exclaimed Joseph; "My spouse, dost thou not see that this cave is quite exposed, that it is cold and damp, and that water is running down on all sides? Dost thou not see that it is no lodging for men, but a shed for beasts? How can you stop here all night, and be delivered here?" Then Mary replied: "It is nevertheless true that this stable is the regal palace in which the Eternal Son of God desires to be born on earth."

No sooner had Mary entered into the cavern than she began immediately to pray. And the hour of her delivery being come, she loosened her hair, out of reverence, spreading it over her shoulders; and behold she sees a great light, she feels in her heart a heavenly joy! She casts down her

eyes; and, O God! what does she see? She sees on the ground an infant, so tender and beautiful that He fills her with love; but He trembles, He cries, and stretches out His arms to show that He desires she should take Him into her bosom. Mary calls Joseph, "Come, Joseph, come and see; for the Son of God is now born." Joseph comes; and when he sees Jesus already born, he adores Him in the midst of a torrent of sweet tears. Then the Blessed Virgin reverently took her beloved Son into her arms, and placed Him on her breast. She tried to warm Him by the heat of her cheeks and bosom, she warmed Him with all the joy and tenderness of a mother's love. Then she hastily seeks to cover Him, and wraps Him up in swaddling clothes. But, O God! how hard and rough are those clothes; for they are clothes of the poor, and they are cold and damp, and in that cave there is no fire to warm them by!

No men appear to adore Him. But if men do not come, the angels draw near to adore their Lord. Thus did the Eternal Father ordain for the honor of His Son. They come in great numbers and praise their God, singing with great joy: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will." Glory to the divine mercy which, instead of chastising rebellious men, causes this same God to take upon Himself their punishment and so to save them. Glory to the divine wisdom which has devised a means of satisfying His justice, and at the same time of delivering man from the death he had deserved. Glory to the divine power, destroying in so signal a manner the powers of hell, by the divine Word coming in poverty to suffer pains, contempt, and death.



CATHOLIC AUTHOR OF THE MONTH

Daniel A. Lord, S.J. 1888-

I. Life:

Daniel Lord was born in Chicago on April 23, 1888. He was baptized in St. Malachy's Church. His grammar school training was received at Holy Angel's Academy. During his high school and college years he came into contact with the Jesuit Fathers at St. Ignatius High School and Loyola University. After graduation from Loyola in 1909 he entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Florissant, Mo. On completing his two years of novitiate he taught English classes at St. Louis University. In 1923 he was elevated to the sacred priesthood. 1925 marked two important events in his life: final profession in the Society of Jesus and the assumption of the editorship of the *Queen's Work*. With the editorship of the magazine he also became the national director of the Sodality of Our Lady. Father Lord began the popular Summer Schools of Catholic Action in 1931. Creighton University and Boston College have both awarded him honorary degrees in Letters. Father Lord lives in St. Louis where he continues to direct the activities of the Sodality of Our Lady.

II. Writings:

Father Lord has always been filled with a desire to write. In his high school and college days he contributed many articles to the school papers. During his scholastic years he devoted four hours a week to writing. He has written on a wide variety of topics. He has written the lyrics and music for many musical shows; plays, novels and pamphlets have also come from his pen.

Most of his writing has been of a religious nature. His intense interest in the problems of Catholic youth have rightly earned for him the title of "Apostle of modern Catholic Youth."

Father Lord has published many full length books. *Religion and Leadership* is an orientation course in freshman religion. *Some Notes on the Guidance of Youth* has been written for parents, priests, and teachers. *Our Nuns* is a series of informal essays on the life and activity of religious women. *Our Lady in the Modern World* and *Our Part in the Mystical Body* have grown from lectures at the Summer School of Catholic Action.

His greatest contribution has been the popularization of the religious pamphlet. Father Lord has published an average of ten pamphlets a year on various points of Catholic faith and morality. These have a great appeal to the young because they are written in a language that they understand.

III. The Book:

Often has Father Lord proudly admitted that the greatest influence of his life was given by his mother. In 1934 he wrote a book to which he gave the title, *My Mother*. It shows the kindness and gentle influence of his mother. She furthered his desires for higher education, but, above all, by her companionship did she introduce him to all that was best in art and letters. For the early period of his life his almost constant companion was his mother. *My Mother* contributes to the knowledge of both mother and son.

Book Reviews for December

Pius XII and Peace

Rev. Reginald F. Walker, C.S.Sp., has written an excellent account of the work of Pope Pius XII in behalf of peace. *Pius of Peace* (Newman, 182 pp., \$2.75) is a comprehensive collection of the principal pronouncements of the Holy Father on the subject of peace. The introduction emphasizes two important points. It outlines the principles that guide the Pope in his work for peace between nations. A brief historical survey of the contributions of the Popes to peace from Leo I who saved Rome in the fifth century to his successor who saved Rome in the twentieth is the second point of the introduction.

The book itself is divided into three parts. The first section contains the counsels and pleas made by the Pope before the war began. The fact that he chose as his motto, "The work of Justice, Peace" shows only too clearly that he knew the role marked out for him by Divine Providence. His messages to individuals and nations had one theme, the cry for peace. The second and longest section deals with the activities of the Pope during the war. He continued to send forth his cries for a speedy and just termination of the conflict. He maintained the impartiality that was proper to him as the Vicar of Christ, but this did not prevent him from coming to the moral assistance of those who were the victims of injustice. He helped the suffering in a material way and did a great work with the prisoners of war. Above all, did he stress the great means of peace, prayer. He prayed and made sacrifices in his own life and called on men to follow his example. The third part of the book deals with peace in the new world order. Special chapters are devoted to the consideration of peace between nations and within each nation itself. The last chapter gives the five basic principles of the Christian charter for peace.

Pius of Peace is a very important book. It brings together in one place the various words of the Holy Father on peace. Men can know the Catholic principles that govern a just and lasting peace by the reading of this book. The readers will understand the reasons for the immense moral prestige that Pius XII has gained during the war. This book grew from a lecture given to a group of Irish Catholics. It is highly recommended

either for study club use or for private reading.

The Messias

The Messias (Herder, 333 pp., \$4) is a translation of the book by Rev. Josef Pickl. Rev. Andrew Green, O.S.B., has translated and arranged the book. The second section which deals with archeological topics has been omitted in the translation. The brief title does not give an idea of the nature of the book. It is not a theological treatise on the prophecies and character of the Messias; nor is it a life of Christ. It studies the political unrest prevalent at the time of Christ. It describes the constant agitation of the Jews against the oppressive yoke of the Romans. Bands of guerrillas were active at all times against the power of the conqueror. This political condition helps us to understand many events in the life of Christ. It shows how the people had distorted the idea of a Messias, so that he was to be a mere temporal ruler who would overthrow their enemies. The facts of the trials of Christ before the High Priest and the Roman Governor receive new angles of interpretation when viewed against the background of the conditions of the time.

Father Pickl received the idea for the book when he was serving with the German army in the Balkans. He was a firsthand witness to the life and activities of small guerrilla groups. This gave him an insight into the uprisings and unrest at the time of Christ. This is a very interesting and scholarly book.

A Canadian Mystic

Mother Catherine Aurelie of the Precious Blood. Her Work, Her Virtues. By a Religious of the Precious Blood. (Translated from the French. Pp. xxx-189, \$2)

The Sisters Adorers of the Precious Blood have become well known throughout the United States by their work in spreading the devotion to the Holy Shroud, and by the work of the late Monsignor Stedman, chaplain of their Brooklyn house, in making the Sunday Missal popular and in editing prayer books and New Testaments for the armed forces. This is the story of the foundress of the Sisters of the Precious Blood, Mother Catherine Aurelie, and of the first years of their Congregation. Mother Aurelie was born in St. Hyacinth, Province of Quebec,

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Canada, July 11, 1833. She founded the contemplative Congregation of the Sisters Adorers of the Precious Blood in 1861, and died July 6, 1903. Her life was one of simple, solid virtue, distinguished by an abundance of what seem to have been very genuine mystic phenomena. Her Congregation is the only strictly contemplative order, to this reviewer's knowledge, to have been founded on the American continent. In 1945 it numbered 30 houses (a remarkable record for a contemplative community in less than a century, above all in our own century), most of them in Canada, but also in China, Japan, Cuba, Rome, with four in the United States—at Portland, Maine, Portland, Oregon, Manchester, New Hampshire, and Brooklyn. It is edifying and reassuring to see in her life that our own age and our own continent can produce, under the Providence of God, contemplative communities like the Sisters Adorers of the Precious Blood, and saintly souls like Mother Aurelie.

Meditations for Seminarians

Rev. Carlton A. Prindeville, C.M., is the author of *Meditations for Seminarians* (Herder, 403 pp., \$4). The preface outlines a practical manner of meditation. He rightly holds that gradually more emphasis should be placed on affections than on reflections. Meditations are given for every day of the year, with a few extra ones for the important feast days and for Days of Recollection. The meditations are very brief, barely covering half a page. Three short points are mentioned. Usually it begins with a look at the words or actions of our Lord, makes a personal application, and concludes with a practical resolution. The briefness of the points is intended to stimulate the activity of the one who is meditating. Some will prefer a longer development of the subjects. The shortness makes them unsuitable for public use. The points are well chosen and are adapted for a short meditation by the seminarian or the busy parish priest. An index or a fuller table of contents would add to the value of this book.

Life of Mother Casimir

Sister M. Charitas, I.H.M., has written a sketch of the life of Mother Casimir under the title, *Pastoral in Blue* (Scapular Press, 108 pp., \$2.75). Mother Casimir was one of

the pioneer sisters of the Blue Sisters community in Scranton. She was Mother General for ten years until her death in 1929. The main external facts of her life are recorded. Many pictures of those instrumental in the work of the community are found in the book. There is no effectual portrayal of the character of the heroine of the book. This book will perpetuate the memory of Mother Casimir among those who knew her, but it will not make her live to those who did not have the privilege of knowing her in life.

A Look at Labor

(Excursion Books, 41 E. 8th St., St. Paul 2, Minn. 96 pp., paper cover, 25 cents.) This is a splendid little book. Made up of various articles published in the past five or six years, written by men who are authorities on the matter covered, it presents solid Catholic teaching on wages, unions, strikes, capitalism, collective bargaining, Communism, democracy, peace, but with an abundance of factual information that makes it easy reading. The tone and viewpoint of all the articles is that of the Popes and the Church toward organized labor, namely, one of friendliness and support. The book is printed in a handy "pulp" form with a catchy cover. And it is modestly priced. The editors say it will be on the bookstands soon (perhaps this is the meaning of the "excursion" books); we wish it all the success it deserves in settling the question it proposes: "Is the Catholic Church for or against labor?"

History of the Catholic Church

Rev. Newton Thompson has translated the sixth volume of Rev. Fernand Mourret's *History of the Catholic Church* (Herder, 656 pp., \$4). The period of the ancient regime is treated in this volume of the series. Part one is concerned with the various aspects of the Catholic Renaissance especially in France. The next section deals with the conflicts the Church had with Gallicanism, Jansenism, Quietism, and Protestantism. The last part is devoted to the struggle between the Church and the forces of unbelief. There is a good discussion of the early beginnings and aims of the Masons. This history is one of the best that is found in the English language. We hope that the remaining volumes will continue to appear in the near future.

Let the Liguorian Order Christmas Gift Books for You

Books for Christmas Gifts

For the priest:

The Voice of a Priest, by Rev. Edward J. Leen, C.S.Sp., \$3. Reflections by the late Irish spiritual writer.

Keepers of the Eucharist, by Monsignor William Schaeffers, \$2.50. Meditations taken from the Emanuel.

St. Paul, Apostle and Martyr, by Igino Giordani, \$2.50. Biography and outline of the Epistles.

For the layman:

Keeper of the Keys, by Thomas McDermott, \$2.50. Biography of Pope Pius XII.

A Testimonial to Grace, by Avery Dulles, \$1.50. Story of a young convert.

Preface to Religion, by Monsignor Fulton Sheen, \$2.50. Basic ideas behind religion.

The Bond of Peace, by Michael Kent, \$2.50. A searching study of the foundations of peace.

Truths Men Live By, by Rev. John A. O'Brien, \$2.75. The important truths of Catholic faith.

Tales of the Twain, by Sam Constantino, \$2.50. A racial novel by the author of *Amen, Amen*.

Christianity, by Rev. Joseph H. Fichter,

\$2.50. Catholic dogmatic doctrines in popular form.

The Unbroken Heart, by Robert Speaight, \$2.50. A Catholic novel.

For the religious sister:

Most Worthy of All Praise, by Rev. Vincent McCorry, \$2. Original presentation of the basic truths of religious life.

Mystic in Motley, by Theodore Maynard, \$3. Saint Philip Neri.

According to the Pattern, by Katherine Burton, \$2.50. Foundress of the Medical Missionary Sisters.

The Splendor of the Rosary, by Maisie Ward, \$2.50. History and theology of the rosary.

For the young:

Straight From the Shoulder, by Rev. Thomas Hosty, \$1.50. Talks for the teen-ager.

A Candle Burns for France, by Blanche Jennings Thompson, \$1.50. Seven great French saints.

Personality Plus, by Sheila John Daly, \$2. Tips for the teen-ager by a teen-ager.

Royal Banners Fly, by Anne Kuhn, \$1.50. Short lives of the saints.

(These books may be ordered through THE LIGUORIAN)

Twelve Gifts in One

Many people have written to us: "I saw one copy of THE LIGUORIAN in a friend's house, and on looking it over, I said to myself: 'I want that magazine.' Please send it to me for a year."

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Lucid Intervals

Once a year the newsboys of a certain district of London are taken for an outing up the Thames by a gentleman of the neighborhood, where they can bathe to their heart's content.

As one little boy was getting into the water a friend observed: "I say, Bill, ain't you dirty!"

"Yes," replied Bill. "I missed the train last year."

Clerk: Oh, sir, there's a Scotchman out there who wants to buy ten cents' worth of poison to commit suicide. How can I save him?

The Boss: Tell him it'll cost twenty cents.

"Will this car take me to the football game?"

"No, miss."

"But you have an announcement of the game on the front of the car," she said, as though that were sufficient reason for the car to be going to the game.

"I know, miss. We also have an announcement of Boston baked beans back in the car there, but this car certainly don't go to Boston!"

Solomon had been going through his accounts.

"Did you send a bill to Mr. Brown?" he asked his son.

"Yes, dad," came the reply.

"And did you put an extra dollar on before you sent it?"

"Yes, dad. I added \$1.02."

"H'm! What's the two cents for?"

"To cover our postage when we reply to his letters complaining of overcharge."

Englishman: Well, Tim, supposing the Devil were to come here now, which do you think he'd take, you or me?

Tim: He'd take me, sir.

Englishman: What makes you think that?

Tim: Because he'd be sure of your honor any time.

An Englishman traveling in Kilkenny, arriving at a ford, hired a boat to take him across. In crossing he asked the boatman if any one had ever been lost in the passage. "Never," replied Pat; "my brother was drowned here last week, but we found him the next day."

"I've finished with that girl."

"Why?"

"She asked me if I danced."

"What's so insulting about that?"

"I was dancing with her when she asked me."

A colored man injured in a motor accident died, and the insurance adjuster went to investigate.

"Did Washington P. Johnson live here?" he asked the weeping woman who opened the door.

"Yassah," she replied between sobs.

"I want to see the remains."

With a new sense of importance the dusky widow drew herself erect and answered proudly, "I'm de remains."

"Let's sit this one out," remarked the coach as he pulled the thick headed quarter-back out of the game.

"Ras, I heah you is gone into business," said Miss Miami Brown.

"Yas, dasso," answered Rastus Pinkley. "I'se raisin' chickens an' sellin' 'em."

"What's de matter? Has you los' yo' appetite?"

A lady having her home remodeled called in a carpenter of Irish extraction and inquired if he was a carpenter.

"I am," said Pat.

"Can you do all kinds of work?"

"Sure I can," was the answer.

"Can you make a Venetian blind?"

"I can."

"How would you go about it?"

"I'd stick me thumb in his eye," said Pat.

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Abbreviations of the more frequently mentioned Publishers

A.M. Pr. Ave Maria Press

Apos. S. Apostolate of Suffering

Br. Bruce

C.G. Catechetical Guild

Co-op. Pr. Co-operative Press

C.U. Catholic University

F.H. Pr. Franciscan Herald Press

Gr. Pr. Grail Press

Hdr. Herder

Ken. Kenedy

Newm. Newman Bookshop

Pal. Paluch

Pust. Pustet

Q.W. Queen's Work

Rd. Rp. Radio Replies

Scrib. Scribners

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S.A.W. Sheed & Ward

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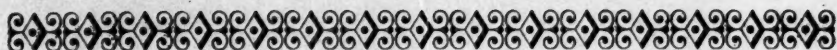
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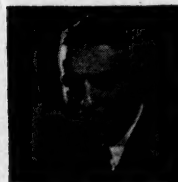
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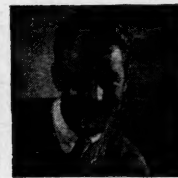
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UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR GENERAL PATRONAGE

Reviewed This Week

Landrush
Mighty McGurk, The
Rainbow Over the Rockies
Song of the Sierras

Previously Reviewed

Anna and the King of Siam
Avalanche
Black Beauty
Blondie Knows Best
Captains Courageous (Re-Issue)
Claudia and David
Conquest of Cheyenne
Courage of Lassie
Crime Doctor's Man Hunt
Cuban Pete
Dark Horse, The
Desert Horseman, The
Do You Love Me?
Down Missouri Way
Driftin' River
El Paso Kid
Faithful in My Fashion
Gallant Bess
Galloping Thunder
Gallant Journey
Gas House Kids
Gentleman from Texas, The
Ghost of Hidden Valley
God's Country
Great Day
Gunman's Code
Heading West
Holiday in Mexico
Home in Oklahoma
Home Sweet Homicide
If I'm Lucky
Inner Circle, The
It Shouldn't Happen to a Dog
Johnny Frenchman
Jolson Story, The
Larceny in Her Heart
Lawless Breed
Life of Mother Cabrini
Little Miss Big
Man from Rainbow Valley, The
Marge
My Brother Talks to Horses
My Pal Trigger
'Neath Canadian Skies
No Leave, No Love
O.S.S.
Overland Rivers
Outlaw of the Plains
Personality Kid
Prairie Badmen
Rainbow Over Texas
Red River Renegades
Rio Grande Raiders
Roll on Texas Moon

Rolling Home
Rustler's Roundup
St. Therese of Lisieux (Re-issue)
Shadows of the Range
Shadows Over Chinatown
Show-Off, The
Singing on the Trail
Sister Kenny
Slightly Scandalous
Smiley
Song of the South
South of Monterey
Spook Busters
Swamp Fire
That Texas Jamboree
Three Little Girls in Blue
Three Wise Fools
Trail to Mexico
Trigger Fingers
Tumbleweed Trails
Two-Fisted Stranger
Two Guys from Milwaukee
Two Years Before the Mast
Under Arizona Skies
Under Nevada Skies
Wild Beauty

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR ADULTS

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Angel on My Shoulder
Bachelor's Daughter, The
Below the Deadline
Big Town
Black Angel, The
Blonde for a Day
Boomtown (Re-issue)
Bowery Bombshell
Brief Encounter
Brute Man
Caesar and Cleopatra
Canyon Passage
Centennial Summer
Child of Divorce
Cloak and Dagger
Cluny Brown
Cockeyed Miracle, The
Col. Ethingham's Raid
Crack-Up
Criminal Court
Danger Woman
Dark Mirror, The
Deadline for Murder
Dead of Night
Deception
Decoy
Detour
Devil's Mask, The

Dick Tracy versus Cuckball
Drifting Along
Earl Carroll Sketchbook
Flight to Nowhere
Freddie Steps Out
French Key, The
From This Day Forward
Great Waltz, The (Re-Issue)
Her Adventurous Night
Her Sister's Secret
High School Hero
In Fast Company
Inside Job
Invisible Informer, The
I've Always Loved You
I Was a Criminal (formerly
Passport to Heaven)
Killers, The
Lady Luck
Last Crooked Mile, The
Little Miss Indine
Little Mr. Jim
Lost Weekend, The
Man Who Dared, The
Missing Lady, The
Monsieur Beaucaire
My Darling Clementine
Mysterious Intruder
Mysterious Mr. Valentine
Night and Day
Night Train to Memphis
Nobody Lives Forever
Nocturne
Notorious
Of Human Bondage
One Exciting Week
Passkey to Danger
Perfect Marriage, The
Rage in Heaven (Re-Issue)
Rendezvous With Annie
Renegades
Runaround, The
Shadowed
So Dark the Night
Somewhere in the Night
Specter of the Rose
Spellbound
Step by Step
Stormy Waters (French)
Strange Holiday
Strange Voyage
Stranger, The
Strange Triangle
Susie Steps Out
Till the End of Time
Time of Their Lives, The
Tomorrow is Forever
Two Smart People
Undercurrent
Unknown, The
Vacation in Reno
Walls Came Tumbling Down, The
White Tie and Tails
Without Reservations
Years Between, The
Ziegfeld Follies

